OUR VOLUNTEER ARMY **DAVID CORTRIGHT**

THE NATION

OCTOBER 16, 1976 *60 cents*

MICHAEL T. KLARE
NANCY STEIN
HANDCUFFS, MACE AND ARMORED CARS
Exporting the Tools of Repression

THE POISONING OF ITALY
Edith Schloss

FEDERAL RESERVE
A Private Club for Public Policy
Rep. Henry S. Reuss

HOMAGE TO MR. FARRELL / LEONARD KRIEGEL

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LETTERS

the Virgin Mary

Lynn, Mass.

Regarding the review of Marina Warner's *Alone of All Her Sex* by Joan M. Ferrante titled "Immaculate Deception" [*The Nation*, Sept. 11]: First, I think the title is snide and demeaning toward a dogma of the Catholic faith. Second, Ms. Ferrante refers to "the rather minor part she (Mary) plays in the New Testament." Well, that is her opinion. It is not a matter of quantity but of quality.

The first two chapters of Luke virtually feature Mary and include one of the most potentially radical prayers—The Magnificat—in the New Testament. This prayer also has Mary say ". . . all ages to come shall call me blessed," yet outside the Catholic faith she is ignored or downgraded.

At Cana, Jesus performed his first miracle at Mary's request (and *almost* against His will). And again, on the cross Christ gives His mother to all of us: "Seeing His mother there with the disciple whom he loved, Jesus said to His mother, 'Woman, there is your son.' In turn he said to the disciple, 'There is your mother.' From that hour onward, the disciple took her into his care." (Also very odd language if Jesus had brothers.) Mary is also specifically mentioned as being at the first Pentecost (Christian, that is).

There are dozens of other comments in the review (some drawn from the book reviewed) which show a great deal of factual knowledge, but little comprehension of spiritual realities and the way God guides His church. But then again I get the distinct feeling that Ms. Ferrante and Ms. Warner consider mankind as the prime agent in the Church and history and not the Holy Spirit.

John M. Bresnahan Jr.

faithful critic

New York City

I am renewing for two years my subscription to your magazine which I've found indispensable for at least forty years. This brings my expiration date to October 1980. I might add that I hope I don't expire myself before that. I've reached the age when the obit page of *The New York Times* has a disturbing fascination. So many are dying who are so much younger than I.

Mr. McWilliams's retirement had to be expected, but it was also troubling. I had a very high degree of faith in his judgment. And it seems to me, on the basis of issues subsequent to his retirement, that *The Nation* has undergone a subtle—and sometimes not so subtle—change. Not so much in the domestic field as in the foreign. An almost cold-warish feel has come into its pages. And its absolute malignance toward Madame Gandhi is profoundly disturbing. India was drifting into disaster when she finally established what we must admit is a dictatorship. The consequence could only have been another Chile—a military, CIA-guided takeover. No place in *The Nation* have I seen a word about the fact that the *overwhelming* majority of the Indian population is back of Mrs. Gandhi's repressive measures—something not true in Chile or probably any other place in today's world where similar repression has come into being. It could very well be that what Mrs. Gandhi is doing is the only way to avert another Chile, the *only* way to bring about a system of benefit to the great majority of the Indian population. Democracy—*real* democracy—is an ideal, to be achieved somewhere in the future if mankind lasts (which I doubt). It is not an efficiently functioning system. Look at the United States today! A choice between a bumbling and reactionary Ford, and an evasive and often self-contradictory Carter. It's easy to predict the smallest Presidential vote in the history of this country, and another minority elected President, like Nixon.

Too bad we can't stop the world—a lot of us would like to get off!

T. E. Wilson

EDITORIALS

Plains Pessimism

The recent election in West Germany, with its high turnout of voters, has again focused attention on the extremely low proportion of Americans who are likely to vote in our own national election this year. Whereas 91 per cent of the Germans eligible to vote went to the polls this month, it is thought possible that less than half of the legally qualified Americans will do so in November.

As the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate points out in its report on nonvoters, this would be the first time in more than fifty years that a minority of those eligible cast a vote for the next President of the United States. That dismal forecast and the accompanying data on voter attitudes toward our political system have naturally furrowed many brows and produced dozens of quasi-profundities on the causes of this "alienation." Indeed the drop-off and dropout of voters, especially the younger ones, is undoubtedly symptomatic of a profound malaise in this country. But there is also an obvious, even superficial, reason for the very evident lack of interest in the Carter-Ford contest.

It is simply that both major parties have concluded that the election is going to be decided by what some social scientists call the "accumulators," and not by the people as a whole. In other words, the candidates are deliberately restricting their appeal to the American middle class—and the upper segment of it at that.

It can be argued that Ford, given his own character and the nature of the party he leads, is stuck with that strategy. He could not broaden his base without displaying an insincerity that even he would recognize as transparent. He and the GOP have such a long record of favoring the corporate interests and the most prosperous strata of the society that any appeal to the masses, huddled or not, would ring hollow. Hence, for Ford, et al., the threat is inflation and not the whole bag of economically disastrous policies which have brought, among other results, such cruelly high levels of unemployment.

The mystery lies in why Carter is campaigning as if he suffered from the same limits on his popular appeal. During the primary season, we noted that Carter's pitch was not so much ambiguous (or "fuzzy") as quite openly conservative. That tactic was generally ascribed more to his place in the crowded Democratic field and his need to distinguish himself from the "liberals" than to any profound convictions of his own. But then came his nomination and his enthusiastic acceptance, virtually an embrace, of a platform which he constructed of materials that ranged from standard liberal to modern Populist. It was Left enough, so to speak, to earn the support of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, among others. It was a charter for political action that could have had a strong appeal to all segments of the American people.

It is proper to speak of the Democratic platform in the past tense. During the campaign so far it has played a minor role, if any at all. Once in a while there is a passing reference to it, more often in the speeches of Senator Mondale than in Carter's. This quite specific and sensible

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program for governmental action has become a ghostly presence in a campaign which seems to have accepted the conventional wisdom that the country is in that famous "conservative mood" we have been hearing so much about.

What that really means is that Carter has decided that the minority sharing that mood represents those who will actually vote. He has given up on the idea of a healthy and large popular participation and left to their own devices those whom Franklin Roosevelt, a mere forty years ago, called "ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished" as he summoned them to his banner. Their devices do not include voting for Carter or any other candidate who seems so unconcerned with their lives and fates.

And so Carter would seem to have made the most pessimistic possible reading of the nature of "the real majority." He acts as if he sees it as a relatively satisfied, largely prosperous, unexpandable minority of the American people. He is competing for this fraction's allegiance with Gerald Ford, a genuine hard-shell conservative, who has a real feeling for that slice of the population.

If he keeps on this way, Carter could lose in November, having thrown away all his natural advantages. It would not be just his or his party's loss; it would be the country's. And it would shape our politics toward a system in which a narrowing elite would select the government for an increasingly disaffected and silent (for a while) majority.

Almost Unbearable

At least two things are notable for their absence in the wake of the assassination in Washington on September 21 of the exiled Chilean diplomat, Orlando Letelier. One is any indignation by the administration of the sort that would stimulate energetic action on the part of the country's investigative agencies. The other, not unrelated, is any sign that obvious leads are being pursued by the FBI and other bodies charged with solving this atrocious crime.

On the latter point, it is widely and plausibly assumed that the only people with a clear motive for destroying Letelier are the members of the military dictatorship that now rules Chile. This distinguished diplomat served both as a Minister and as Ambassador to Washington in the Popular Unity Government which the Pinochet junta toppled in a coup three years ago. He was the junta's outspoken opponent and a witness to its crimes, having himself been imprisoned and tortured. Chile's present Ambassador, within sight of whose windows Letelier's car was blown up, has said that he and his staff were available to American police authorities for questioning. As far as can be discovered, they have not yet been interviewed by the FBI.

This failure is inexplicable, unless one is to assume that the G-men have evidence that the Chilean Government is involved in the murder, as many people believe, that the bomb may have been detonated electronically from that Embassy, and that the police are waiting to clinch their case before asking the Embassy people for their alibis. It is more likely that the government of the

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United States, through its police arm, is simply not vigorously investigating a violent crime of international significance that was insultingly committed on its very doorstep.

After all, the Allende government which Letelier served was overthrown with the strong help of the American CIA in a "destabilization" program managed by Henry Kissinger himself. In that action, by all accounts, including the report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence (the Church committee), the CIA and the Chilean military's intelligence arm, now known as DINA, became closely intertwined. They worked together and knew each other's secrets. Are we now to believe that neither the CIA nor the FBI was aware of the activities in this country of the secret police of Chile's friendly dictatorship?

Given this background of intimacy between the American Government and the Chilean militarists, Americans are entitled to their suspicions about the zeal with which the investigation of this crime will be pursued. It is shocking to say so, but the inference is unavoidable. And there is confirmation from the bureaucratic world that the Ford administration is not acting with appropriate vigor in this matter. The day after the assassination, the Inter-American Development Bank officially granted a loan to the Chilean Government (the bank is an international agency but American weight is preponderant in its councils).

There has been no talk of stopping U.S. aid to the Santiago regime. The American Ambassador there has not even been called home for consultations. Relations between the two countries proceed as though nothing had happened. The Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, where Letelier worked, has asked Attorney General Levi to appoint a Special Prosecutor to handle this case, thus removing it from the area of routine crime and bureaucratic police rivalries. But the government so far has contented itself with the statement that an investigation is proceeding in proper channels.

As long as this complacency lasts in official Washington, Americans are forced to entertain the supposition that the Chilean dictatorship accomplished this official murder and that, by extension, our own government is an accessory after the fact. That is close to an unbearable thought for citizens of this Republic.

Russia Lets the Pentagon Down

The Pentagon has suffered a disaster—a fiscal disaster. The effects of it will not show up for a while, but it is catastrophic nonetheless to the aims of the defense establishment. It happened last month when that Russian MIG-25 landed in Japan, brought there by a defecting Soviet pilot.

This Russian "Foxbat" interceptor has been one of the Air Force's main weapons in the annual battle with Congress for money, more and ever more of it. It was described by an Air Force Secretary as "the best interceptor in production in the world today," one capable of blowing anything we put up against it out of the sky. Indeed, the Pentagon itself used this terrifying weapon—about which it knew almost nothing—to shoot down any attempts to check Air Force demands for new U.S. planes.

Now that ploy has been grounded forever. As Rep. Robert Carr (D., Mich.) points out in *The Washington Post* of October 3, the MIG-25 we have now thoroughly examined is much inferior in a dozen ways to several of our own planes. Our own F-15 or F-16 can "out-climb, out-accelerate, out-turn, out-see, out-hide, and out-shoot the Foxbat. . . ." Now what kite can the Pentagon fly when next it heads back to the defense-spending trough?

McCarthy in New York

Whatever one may think of the Presidential candidacy of Eugene J. McCarthy, there is no excuse for the behavior of the New York Democrats who are trying to muscle him off the ballot by challenging his petitions. The party regulars are making a thin pretense that this ugly and unfair operation is not official Democratic jostling, but the people engaged in it all go by the name of Party Stalwart.

If McCarthy ends up on the ballot in a number of states—Massachusetts and Missouri, among others—where his petitions are being challenged, the votes he draws from Carter may indeed cost the latter several of those states. And if the race is close, he could even deprive Carter of a majority of electoral votes and saddle this country with four more years of Ford. In that case, McCarthy would have a lot to answer for. But there can be no justification for strong-arm machine tactics to exclude from the voters' consideration a candidate who has complied with the law in placing his name on the Presidential ballot.

The energy the organization Democrats are wasting on this anti-McCarthy tactic would be much better spent in registering voters and getting out the vote for their party's candidate in November. And, if the Democrats get away with it this time, in some future election a serious alternative to the present two parties might be the victim of this kind of shameful operation.

'Made in America'

As we and others have noted, the assassination of Orlando Letelier was a case of bad American policies come home to roost. In an article in this issue on U.S. exports of police technology, Michael T. Klare and Nancy Stein document the fact that what this country is really exporting are the techniques and weapons of counter-insurgency.

This trade is the usual mixture of official "aid" to friendly governments and private trade in the same business. As has been the case with military hardware, what began as a public program supposedly in our own national interest has become a hunting ground for corporations eager to make a buck anywhere. That, in part, is because Congress grew uneasy as it observed American police techniques being used by the dictators of countries like South Korea, Brazil, Indonesia and Uruguay, to stamp out any resistance to their roughshod rule. A couple of years ago Congress put an end to the Office of Public Safety, which President Kennedy had set up to help

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countries abroad cope with their insurgent peoples (i.e., those who wanted a say in their own politics).

But, as Klare and Stein point out, the termination of a governmental program to train and equip police forces abroad has done nothing to plug two loopholes in this trade, one public and the other private. Through the latter have poured tens of millions of dollars worth of weapons, including poison gas, supplied by the same corporate outfits that equip American police forces. It is a very lucrative trade. Repression has always been highly valued by those who engage in it.

The public loophole is the Military Assistance Program; because the armed forces of most of the underdeveloped countries of the world really function as glorified police agencies, all those guns and weapons carriers and Mace that go abroad through MAP channels can serve nicely to keep down the restless populations of our "friends." It looks better if this repressive activity can be clothed in the anti-Communist garb and that often happens. Thus the United States can go on helping our little allies around the world sturdily to resist revolution and preserve stability and civilization. Surely this is worth a bit of sacrifice by the American taxpayer—it is civilization itself that is at stake, right? And it is just as nice and proper if it is done privately, with American corporations turning a profit—perhaps even better because there is no hint of "socialism" then and "free private enterprise" is in charge.

The only trouble is that a generation of young people is growing up in dozens of countries watching as crates of repression, labeled "Made in America," are unloaded on their docks.

'A Close Personal Friend'

The loss of Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz from the Ford Cabinet is the country's gain, and not just the farmers'. The significance of his departure lies in the manner in which the President let this miserable little bigot go.

What should have happened after it was confirmed that Butz had made his disgusting locker-room crack about the "coloreds"—in the hearing of John Dean, of all people? A President with the slightest sensitivity to human feelings would have summoned Butz and fired him on the spot. He would not have waited for the reaction and then made a nice calculation as to the positive-negative balance in terms of the Presidential election.

But that is what Ford, incredibly, did. And, in letting Butz go for what he called a "gross indiscretion" (meaning: it's all right to think that way, but not to say it out loud), the President lavished such words of praise on him as "decent," "good," "courageous," and said he remained "a close personal friend." If any further evidence were needed as to the essential vulgarity of Ford and his administration, it is there in that smarmy language.

Instead of indignantly firing Butz, Ford decided to make a close political judgment on whether the man's alleged popularity in the farm belt outweighed the negative effects elsewhere of his racist sense of humor. One of the oddities of the whole affair is that Earl Butz, the friend of agribusiness who could not care less about the family farm, is given entirely undeserved credit for the relative farm prosperity since 1971, when he went to Agriculture. The causes of that phenomenon lie in altogether different areas than those Butz cited in his resignation statement, when he boasted that he had lifted "the yoke of bureaucratic control" from America's farmers and that therefore farm prices had doubled since the Lyndon Johnson years.

The real reasons lie in the facts of two bad harvest years in 1972 and 1974, the devaluation of the dollar in 1971 which made American grain competitive in world markets, and the decision of the Soviet Union to make tremendous purchases of American foodstuffs starting in 1972. Most American farmers must be aware of these simple facts, must know also that agricultural policies are set by Congress, not the White House. These election-season claims for the Republican administration will not be swallowed whole in the farm belt.

As for Butz, the outhouse jokesmith, he will not be missed, except perhaps by some Republican politicians, apparently including the President, who have in any case written off the black vote for their party in this election.

OUR VOLUNTEER ARMY

CAN A DEMOCRACY STAND IT?

DAVID CORTRIGHT

With relatively little fanfare, the American armed forces have established the largest all-volunteer force in history. Economic conscription, in a time of high unemployment and continuing inflation, has proved an able substitute for the draft. Similar conditions are aiding volunteer forces in several European countries, accelerating a general trend toward professionalization. Britain's all-volunteer force is now nearly twenty years old. In Belgium and Denmark volunteers are steadily replacing draftees. Calls for similar steps are heard frequently in Holland and France. The volunteer principle appears to be increasingly a crucial aspect of armed forces policy in the highly industrialized countries. The American experience proves that such an approach is practical, provided unemployment remains high.

Serious questions remain, though, about the conse-

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quences of this policy. The shift to a volunteer force has had profound social and political results, which few assessments have addressed so far. The recent examination by the Defense Manpower Commission, for example, avoided the wider context altogether, repeating merely the tired themes of military apologists. [See "Operation High School: The Pentagon Moves In," *The Nation,* April 5, 1975, and "Defense Manpower Cover-Up," *The Nation,* July 31, 1976, both by Robert K. Musil.] Volunteer forces alter the nature of military power and transform the relationship between armed forces and society in ways that deserve deeper attention.

When the volunteer force was proposed in the late 1960s, military spokesmen opposed the idea on the ground that it would undermine military capabilities. Liberals, on the other hand, opposed the concept for the precisely opposite reason that they feared the emergence of a militarized, professional elite. On the other side, libertarians (ranging from the ACLU to Milton Friedman) favored volunteer service over conscription, which they deplored as involuntary servitude, and dodged the question of class and social representation. While the shift from conscription to recruitment has not as yet had the dire results predicted, it has occasioned substantial changes in the role of the armed forces in American society.

The expansion of the recruitment apparatus has most directly affected youth and its institutions. In their eagerness to blanket the country's youth "market," the services have greatly expanded their public relations network and increased their role in education. Since high school graduates are considered prime recruiting prospects (middle-class college students are not sought for the enlisted ranks), the nation's secondary schools have experienced a sharp rise of military influence. Sports programs, career days and other special educational events now attract heightened military interest. Mailings and direct contact with students are considered especially important. The services have gone to absurd lengths in their competition for the annual pool of 1.5 million male high school seniors; they are engaged in a kind of missive warfare. According to a recent General Accounting Office (GAO) report on military advertising, more than 8.5 million letters were sent to graduating seniors last year, some students receiving as many as six appeals. Recruiters estimate that they make twenty-four face-to-face contacts for every volunteer they can sign. With an annual goal of more than 400,000, this adds up to nearly 10 million such meetings a year—it amounts to almost total saturation of the nation's youth. In recent House committee hearings, the Pentagon estimated that their recruitment messages reach approximately 90 per cent of the "target" population nine or ten times a month.

In addition to this prodigious effort, the military has expanded its program of high school military training. The number of students enrolled in Junior ROTC jumped from 134,000 in 1972 to more than 190,000 in 1976. Approximately 1,200 schools now offer the program, and the House Armed Services Committee is considering a measure to increase that number to 2,000. At present more than 2,700 retired and active officers and NCOs teach marching, military history and the use of weapons in the nation's schools.

Another aspect of this encroachment into education is the military's growing role in vocational testing. By pushing the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery (ASVAB), the services are replacing traditional vocational preference examinations and are gaining access to the occupational preferences of potential recruits. In fiscal 1975, the test was administered to 1.3 million students in more than 15,000 high schools, the results being mailed to local recruiters and to five separate military records agencies. Sixteen states have now endorsed the test, and its use appears to be growing throughout the country. Although the services claim that ASVAB is not a recruiting device, a 1972 memo from the Army's Recruiting Command describes these advantages for the military: "The recruiter receives a printout containing the name, address, Social Security number, telephone number, educational level . . . and a statement of post-high school plans . . . thereby increasing his efficiency." A recent GAO study rated the program "an excellent recruiting tool," with 10 per cent of Air Force recruits enlisted on the basis of ASVAB tests. The Army's 1972 memo also pointed out that ASVAB "enhances rapport" between high school officials and recruiters, and facilitates further military involvement in school activities.

The services have developed still other programs to insure a steady flow of high school enlistees. One particularly ominous innovation is the Program for Increased Education (PIE), also known as the "Oregon Plan"—an arrangement whereby students leave school in their senior year to serve in the National Guard, but receive full credit toward graduation for time spent in the military. Launched originally in Oregon, the plan is now in operation or being considered in thirty states. Dozens of other schemes have been developed to bring the military closer to students and educators. In Los Angeles, the City Board of Education has approved a plan whereby several hundred students are flown at military expense for a one-day orientation to Army life at Fort Ord. In 1974 the Air Force spent nearly $1 million for its educational affairs division, offering school personnel tours of local bases and lobbying state education officials. The services have been particularly assiduous in courting high school guidance counselors, presenting elaborate exhibits at national counselor conventions. Annual gatherings of the American Personnel and Guidance Association have come to resemble a military operation, with scores of service representatives eagerly battling for the hearts and minds of the school officials.

Looked at as a whole, this enormous expansion of military influence in education and youth services dangerously enlarges the role of the defense establishment in society. The concept of a free and independent education has been vitiated, and the previous American tradition of discouraging military influence in civilian affairs has all but vanished. While the Job Corps and other civilian training programs are slashed, the military recruitment budget soars beyond half a billion dollars. And the military services manage to recruit an incredible 37 per cent of all available noncollege male youth.

This massive campaign among youth has important parallels with the experience of Great Britain. When the

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British shifted to volunteer recruitment in the late 1950s, they enlarged their "junior entry" system and accepted a growing number of boys as junior soldiers. More than 50 per cent of all recruits are now younger than 17.5 years. As a consequence the armed forces have expanded their role in education, opening new apprentice schools and training programs. Although the two situations have many differences, a common trend toward greater involvement in education and youth training appears evident. Indeed "catching them young" seems to be an essential aspect of recruiting an all-volunteer force.

In addition to these social consequences, the switch to volunteerism has had profound economic effects. The cost of maintaining a volunteer force has drastically altered the pattern of defense expenditure and further aggravated what has come to be known as the fiscal crisis of the state. Payroll and personnel costs account for at least 60 per cent of the current Defense Department budget, a rise from 42 per cent in 1968. While this proportion has declined slightly in the last two years (a point to be examined below), manpower costs remain high by historical standards. From 1968 to 1976, total personnel outlays rose from $32.6 billion to $50 billion, while active duty manpower levels dropped by 1.4 million.

Although the trend to higher manpower costs began before the end of the draft, most of the recent increase is directly attributable to volunteer-force policies. Pentagon officials try to argue otherwise, noting that the Rivers amendment (named for the former chairman of the House Armed Services Committee), which established comparability between military and civilian pay, was passed as early as 1967. What they fail to mention is that this measure did not apply to the bulk of servicemen in the lower ranks. The extension of comparability to GIs and the consequent enormous jump in payrolls came only in 1971, as part of a $1.8 billion wage increase specifically designed to attract volunteers. According to Department of Defense figures, the cost of this pay raise was $2.3 billion in 1974. When additional costs for recruiting and related programs are added, the annual total for the volunteer force comes to more than $3 billion (according to some estimates, it may range as high as $5.6 billion). Whatever the exact figure, the volunteer force must be considered a major cause of soaring manpower costs in the defense establishment. Indeed such huge outlays are a principal reason why defense officials in France and Germany have thus far been reluctant to adopt all-volunteer forces.

Perhaps the most important aspect of this outpouring of money is its effect on other sectors of the defense budget. Manpower costs have grown so exorbitantly that they have begun to drain resources away from weapons procurement and development. As early as 1971 the Senate Armed Services Committee warned that "disturbingly high" personnel spending might mean "serious difficulties in having sufficient quantities of weaponry." Defense Manpower Secretary William Brehm referred to the same problem earlier this year in testimony before Congress, where he noted that increased payroll costs "represent a shift of $10 billion from . . . procurement . . . to manpower."

Pentagon officials see a tug of war between rising personnel costs and the need for additional procurement outlays. The capital sector of the defense budget, in their view, has been neglected in recent years (due to the demands of Vietnam and the initial costs of the all-volunteer force); as a result shipbuilding and other procurement projects are now a major priority. Since the overall level of the national budget must be kept within some fiscal limits, so that government borrowing does not deny capital to private corporations, the rise in military spending must

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be controlled. Therefore, in order to sustain the capital production program deemed necessary, military officials must make what Secretary Brehm has termed "difficult choices": "We must slow the growth of defense manpower costs in order to assure an adequate level of resources for development . . . and procurement." Accordingly, the services have initiated a program of retrenchment in service compensation, reducing benefits such as family medical care and limiting wage increases. In the current fiscal year, for example, military and federal employee pay increases will be held to approximately 5 per cent, despite a Congressional Budget Office estimate that 12 per cent would be necessary to match past and present inflation. While such policies may help restrain personnel costs in the short run, they will probably also accelerate the trend toward unionization in the ranks and create a whole new set of problems for the Pentagon.

And despite attempts to slash manpower spending, the costs of the all-volunteer force are to a large extent irre-

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versible and must be absorbed within the present budget. Nor can purchases of additional hardware be offset by pay cuts alone. Secretary Brehm estimated that the pay and benefits cuts proposed by the Pentagon for fiscal 1977 would lower total military spending by less than $3 billion, whereas the increase in procurement and development requested by the military came to more than $7 billion. Attempts to enlarge and "modernize" the capital sector obviously require real increases in military spending. The budget choice to be made is not between weapons and high personnel costs, as Secretary Brehm has implied, but between weapons and high military salaries on the one hand, and the needs of society on the other. The current drive to increase weapons procurement and maintain volunteer forces has already substantially enlarged the military portion of the federal budget, and occasioned further cuts in education and other human services. The high cost of military manpower thus exacerbates the problem of distorted social priorities and military spending adds fuel to the inflation. Recruiting an all-volunteer force has imposed severe strains on government finance and has permanently raised the cost of defense.

In another context, enormous expenditures required to maintain volunteer forces are a potential deterrent to rapid expansion of the military for combat purposes. The cost of adding even a few hundred thousand people to the ranks would be astronomical and would probably prevent any unpopular force build-ups. Arguing against the volunteer force in 1973, Gen. William Westmoreland observed that "The cost of manpower expansion would be tremendous," and warned that "such realization could serve as a deterrent" to military planning. As the House Appropriations Defense Subcommittee noted in 1973: "The all-volunteer force appears to be a purely peacetime concept, in that even a relatively small increase in personnel strength would place a nearly impossible strain upon the recruiting capabilities."

It seems clear that an all-volunteer force places limits on military capacity. Indeed the overall manpower level of the armed forces has steadily declined in recent years despite a favorable economic climate for recruitment, and there seems little prospect that this trend will be reversed. Without the easy option of expanding draft calls and increasing forces at will, military planners lose a vital flexibility and would be forced to respond with forces already in place. The Defense Manpower Commission came to the same conclusion in its recent report, asserting that the all-volunteer force cannot meet wartime needs and that a standby draft must be reinstated. Morris Janowitz said it best when he characterized the shift to volunteer forces as "a form of unilateral disarmament." According to the dean of military scholars: "Manpower has come to operate . . . as a crucial limitation and restraint on U.S. foreign and military policy."

In early debate over the volunteer force, critics warned that a professional military would become isolated from society and would encourage the formation of a separate military enclave that threatened the tradition of civil control. Others predicted that the end of conscription would undermine GI resistance and eliminate the healthy internal questioning which put at least some restraint on military adventurism in Vietnam. In several of the European countries considering volunteer forces, the prospect of replacing citizen conscripts with professional volunteers raises powerful opposition. Within the American context it is now possible to examine this question and to arrive at some tentative conclusions about the political directions of the all-volunteer force. In general, two divergent trends have emerged, one confirming the development of a "separate military ethos" among professional careerists, and the other indicating continued dissent and unrest among enlistees. The resulting picture is of a force with tendencies toward social isolation but with a strong potential for democratic control from the bottom.

The argument supporting the social isolation thesis is presented in a recent "Armed Forces and Society" article by Gerald Bachman and John Blair. The authors present new survey data to show that the career sector of the military manifests a strongly pro-military ideology which diverges significantly from the dominant attitude among civilians and noncareer members of the service. In a sampling of some 1,800 civilians and 2,500 sailors, the authors sought to gauge the comparative political attitudes of military careerists. In response to questions on such issues as "adequacy of military influence" and "support for military intervention," careerists tended strongly to favor an enlarged military presence, in sharp contrast to the more balanced preferences of civilians and short-term sailors. According to Bachman and Blair, these findings are cause for alarm and raise vital questions about the political orientation of a professional military. The authors conclude: "To the extent that an all-volunteer force consists primarily of career-oriented men and women . . . the attitudes found among its members will be very discrepant from those found among civilians as a whole. If this is the future of the all-volunteer force, it will be considerably less representative than was the mixed force of the past."

The crucial point made by the Bachman and Blair study is not that careerists exhibit a right-wing ideology (they probably have always done so) but that this portion of the military is increasing. The Gates Commission predicted that the percentage of re-enlistees would rise from 40 per cent to 48 per cent in the volunteer force. Bachman and Blair state, however, that actual re-enlistment rates have so far exceeded anticipated levels (partly due to unemployment pressures) and that the commission "may have greatly underestimated the relative size of the career force." As the proportion of the careerists in the volunteer force increases, the overall political orientation of the military is likely to swing to the Right.

But despite this enlarged careerist influence in the military, approximately half of all service members are short-term volunteers—the present-day equivalent of citizen-soldiers—so an appraisal of the attitudes and political behavior of these people is crucial to an understanding of the all-volunteer force. Contrary to expectations of a more docile and pro-military enlisted force, today's volunteer recruits exhibit the same feistiness and independence toward authority evidenced by earlier draftees. GI resistance and disaffection in the ranks have actually increased in recent years. By nearly every conceivable indicator, morale and discipline in the armed forces are

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now lower than during any other peacetime period in history.

Service-wide AWOL and desertion rates in fiscal year 1975 stood, respectively, at 86 per 1,000 and 26 per 1,000—equivalent to the record levels of 1971. While unauthorized absence rates have declined steadily in the Army, they have skyrocketed in the Navy and Marine Corps (the two services which are assigned primary combat responsibility under the Nixon Doctrine). The 1975 AWOL rates of 73 per 1,000 and 300 per 1,000 in the Navy and Marine Corps were the highest in the modern history of those two services. Military justice statistics also show continued turmoil in the ranks. Nonjudicial punishments, the most frequent tool of command control, have increased noticeably. The Navy's Article 15 rate of 225 per 1,000 in 1975 was nearly double the level of 1971.

Perhaps the most striking index of morale difficulties is the recent jump in punitive and administrative discharges. The percentage of less-than-honorable discharges has risen steadily since 1971 and in fiscal 1975 reached a record 11.75 per cent. In the Army during 1975, approximately one out of every six soldiers leaving the service received a less-than-honorable discharge; in the Marine Corps this proportion stood at nearly one in four. Approximately 80,000 service people were issued "bad" discharges last year; and the total does not include at least 27,000 additional people discharged honorably as "marginal performers." A recent *Army Times* report disclosed that an incredible 40 per cent of recruits are issued administrative or punitive discharges before the completion of their enlistment terms. Such high rates of premature separation, combined with continued disciplinary problems, indicate a serious level of conflict within the ranks.

Explanations vary for the apparent anomaly of the recalcitrant volunteer. Pentagon spokesmen claim that disciplinary problems are caused primarily by "substandard" recruits; if a sufficiently high percentage of high school graduates can be recruited, punishment rates will subside. (The Marine Corps, the most battered service, has announced a goal of 75 per cent high school graduates among enlistees by 1977.) This analysis ignores the fact that "quality" indicators have been going up in recent years and that the percentage of high school graduates in the military is now considerably higher than in earlier, more docile periods. A more valid explanation, it seems to me, must reckon with conditions in the all-volunteer force itself, and specifically with the nature of the recruitment system. Attracted by images of a "new" professional military and by promises of career development, enlisted people too often find their expectations shattered by the reality of service life. In the 1973 *Report of Disciplinary Problems in the U.S. Navy,* the House Armed Services Committee admitted that "Recruiting advertising appears to promise more than the Navy is able to deliver." The frequent results are disillusionment and bitterness.

The continued oppression of enlisted life has also produced conflict and internal opposition. The young people of "post-industrial" society still breathe an anti-authoritarian spirit, even in a period of recession and economic retrenchment, and their encounter with the military hierarchy continues to breed enlisted resistance.

Whatever the exact explanation for such "indiscipline," there can be little doubt that motivation within the lower ranks is widely lacking. Disciplinary punishments and acts of disobedience remain frequent. While the level of generalized resistance among volunteers is high, however, the expression of this unrest in organized opposition has declined sharply. The GI movement network of newspapers and counseling centers has dwindled. Fewer than twenty organizing committees still operate in the American military; at the 1971 peak there were more than 100. The expression of enlisted protest has not kept pace with its eruption in disciplinary disputes. While GI resistance has continued, the GI movement has declined.

Two reasons for this reduction, apart from the general lowering of political activism in society, are the almost complete absence of former college students in the ranks, which eliminates those with publishing skills and a tendency toward "indirect" protest, and the military's increased use of discharges. The latter policy is especially significant, for it allows the military to be more selective about the people it retains and to dismiss summarily those apt to protest.

The relative quiet among GI organizers may change, however, with the advent of unionization. A full examination of this phenomenon is impossible in the space available here (see my article, "The Union Wants to Join You," *The Nation,* February 21); suffice it to say that the American Federation of Government Employees and other unions have come to see the "professional" military as fertile ground for union organizing, and that bread-and-butter forms of trade union association are likely to emerge in the near future. As mentioned earlier, this trend toward unionization will probably accelerate as the Pentagon attempts to impose further cuts in pay and benefits. While suggestions for unionization have come from sources outside the Left, such a development could have a wholesome effect on the GI movement, and on the struggle for democratic control of the armed forces. At the very least, unionization could establish important linkages to the civilian labor movement and make military operations against workers more difficult. The unionizing process might also strengthen the right to organize in the military and provide legal protection against the worst abuses of command authority, creating greater opportunity for rank-and-file protest.

The politics of the volunteer force are thus still uncertain. The threat of military elitism and of segregation from the people remains quite real. Indeed middle-class participation in the enlisted ranks seems to have all but vanished. As long as unemployment continues and the services are able to maintain high discharge rates, organized political movements will be extremely difficult to sustain. On the other hand, the persistence of near-record levels of unauthorized absence and disciplinary unrest point to low morale, and the pervasive resistance to authority suggests that the potential for political opposition remains great. Today's GI volunteers seem no more enamored of military service than were the drafted rebels of earlier years. Unionization offers an opportunity for channeling this discontent into organized opposition. □

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WARNING FROM SEVESO

THE POISONING OF ITALY

EDITH SCHLOSS

La Serra, La Spezia, Italy

At noon on July 10 a cloud rose over Seveso, a town 12.5 miles north of the heart of Milan—halfway between it and Como (and the Swiss border). Seveso is in the Brianza region, known for its dairy products and furniture craft. The hard-working people of the Brianza flatland enjoy a modest affluence, build their own houses with their savings, tend orchards and keep poultry. In recent years industrial plants have begun to dot the thickly settled countryside, drawing their workers from the underdeveloped south.

On July 24, two weeks after the cloud appeared, forty-five families were homeless. Their children, affected by skin and liver troubles, were confined for observation in summer colonies, the pregnant women told that in all probability they would bear deformed babies, the men that they might become carriers of genetic mutation, and that procreation was banned for the time being. Forbidden to take with them more than the clothes on their backs, they were persuaded to move into two hotels which have since become their ghetto, leaving 283 acres of blighted land surrounded by barbed wire and soldiers—that land to be deserted for at least fifteen years; the factories and houses on it to be utterly destroyed.

What happened in Seveso? It was here that one of the most deadly poisons in existence for the first time leaked in pure form into the outside air. Icmesa, a factory owned by Givaudan in Geneva, a subsidiary of Hoffmann-La Roche, had been operating at Seveso for decades. It was generally supposed to manufacture deodorants or herbicides. Like other factories in the region, it expelled ill-smelling fumes from time to time. In the 1960s there were protests, but health authorities were lax and unions reminded the workers that they depended on the factory for their daily bread. Living on the outskirts of greater industrial Milan, they had to resign themselves to the stinks.

The cloud on July 10 was more malodorous than usual. A container in which trichlorophenol was being processed had been allowed to overheat and the ensuing chemical reaction produced 2, 3, 7, 8 tetra chlorodibenzo-p-dioxin (called "dioxin" in the Italian press) which burst the safety valve and escaped into the atmosphere.

In dilute form, dioxin was a component of the defoliants used in Vietnam. Even these relatively small doses left disease and huge devastated areas in their wake. Pure dioxin had earlier been made by accident in Germany, Holland, England, Czechoslovakia and the United States, but effective safety devices had confined the contamination to the interiors of the factories. These incidents occurred at the Philips-Duphar plant in Holland in 1963, at Bolsover in England in 1968, in West Germany in 1970. In each case the factory was decontaminated, then dismantled and its fragments, together with the decontaminating instruments, covered with cement and dumped into old mine shafts or the sea. In those countries no more such factories were built, nor was any ever erected in Switzerland, which has particularly strict laws concerning the manufacture of toxic substances. But because modern technology came late to Italy, its possible consequences were not fully appreciated. Laws were neither adequate nor fully enforced. And it was infinitely cheaper to operate there.

When dioxin particles hissed from Icmesa and condensed into a vapor that drifted south, some workers were alarmed. They were told to take showers, but the plant was not shut down.

On July 11, the Mayor of Seveso, Francesco Rocca, received a phone call from a local doctor who asked whether he might come over with one of the directors of Icmesa. Surprised by such an official visit on a Sunday afternoon, the Mayor was even more surprised when nothing much transpired. "They talked in general terms," he said afterward. "People were to be told not to eat home-grown fruit and salad . . . some trichlorophenol had escaped. . . . At the moment it seemed nothing much, just a matter of some herbicide . . . but I immediately called the Mayor of Meda. . . ."

In the following days trees shed their leaves, swallows dropped from the air and chickens and rabbits keeled over. Children developed blisters on their skin by the fifth day; grownups suffered from nausea, diarrhea and liver complaints.

Mayor Rocca sent plant and soil samples to Givaudan in Geneva and the company wrote back that "for the moment we suppose an inexplicable thermal chemical reaction has occurred. . . . We have already arranged to warn neighbors not to eat garden produce. . . . For the moment we are suspending work . . . to concentrate on finding out what happened . . . in order to avoid similar events in the future. . . ." In fact, however, it was the workmen who, sure that they were confronted by no ordinary accident, refused to go on working and called a strike on July 16. Not until the 23rd did Givaudan throw up its hands: they didn't know what the dangers were; the symptoms of people brought to hospitals seemed minor, etc., etc. But they did admit, finally, that the area was badly contaminated, and they advised that its most polluted section be evacuated, the people to be stopped from taking with them even clothes and personal effects. The order to flee went into effect on July 24, a full two weeks after the explosion.

How much of the poison has been contained to the immediate neighborhood cannot be ascertained. It seems clear, however, that the cloud traveled southward toward Milan in a zigzag course. Zone A, consisting of the com-

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munities of Seveso and a part of Meda, about 285 acres in all, is the worst infected and has been sealed off as far as that is possible. From this focal point, 730 persons have been evacuated; its farm animals have been slaughtered. Zone B, where the dioxin level is lower, extends over 512 acres and is inhabited by 4,280 persons, among them 1,313 children younger than 15. Here all small children and women less than three months pregnant have been evacuated. Here each day dead pets, moles and other small animals are brought to veterinarians for analysis. There are now about 1,500 evacuees but roughly 5,000 people in the Brianza have been affected by the disaster.

The region is rich in waterways, wells, ducts and streams which contribute to the underground water reserves of greater Milan. The Certesa stream cuts through Zone A and, joining with the Seveso stream, flows into one of the tributaries of the Po, Italy's largest river. Particles settling on rooftops are carried into drains and thence into the water table. They are also in the dust traveled over by cars. The Superstrada that connects Milan with Como cuts right through Zone A. It was kept open until recently, but signs warned motorists to close windows and ventilators, and motorcycles were banned.

Three days after the explosion, the Montedison plant near Linate, the Milan airport, received 10 tons of phenylacetic acid from Icmesa. At first the sacks were left within reach of everyone; then, when the general alarm was raised, they were removed to a loft which, however, had ill-closing doors and where a window was left wide open. Only on August 5, after Icmesa technicians had taken samples from the sacks for transmittal to Switzerland, was the factory council informed. Though only a section of the Brianza is affected, it is understandable that France, Germany and Switzerland have examined or held up its furniture and dairy products at the border.

It took two weeks for the full horror to sink in. Prof. Ton That Tung, the Vietnamese specialist on dioxin, was queried by the Rome weekly, *Tempo*. He wired back: "Consider that dioxin causes total paralysis of the capacity for immunity in the body." He further told journalists what was long known to scientists: that a kilogram (2.2 pounds) of dioxin will provide lethal doses for a billion guinea pigs; that where it has spread, cows give birth to stillborn calves, chickens become sterile, women stop ovulating; the number of miscarriages rises, as does the delivery of deformed babies. Dioxin alters the chromosomes, attacks the lymph, sweat and thymus glands, provokes skin diseases and edema of the eyes and causes cancer of the liver. It dissolves in fat but not in water; the body's metabolism cannot handle it, so it is not expelled but remains in the tissues of glands, kidneys and liver. (Thousands of blood samples were taken of the population of Seveso before it was discovered that dioxin leaves no traces in the blood.) This nearly indestructible, slow and insidious substance, against which American scientists asked a ban ten years ago, does not necessarily kill outright—in small doses it gnaws from within and its damage is passed on to future generations. It produces biological phenomena and ecological consequences whose scope no one so far has been able to assess.

Laundry soap is said to counter the effects of dioxin on the skin; large doses of vitamin C may help to reconstitute the body. Dioxin resists temperatures above 1,400 degrees Fahrenheit, but may be susceptible to ultraviolet rays. No one knows much. In press statements, Hoffmann-La Roche has promised large sums of money for the displaced, and the Lombardy region has also set aside funds, but money will not cure the sick. Nor does anyone know how exactly to reclaim the land, where to date dioxin has penetrated to a depth of 6 feet, even 10 feet in spots and, it is feared, may sink still deeper; where 3,000 tons of contaminated foliage await disposal: open heat would make it infinitely more toxic; it takes time to build incinerators.

Conjecture as to where Icmesa sold its products is rampant; it was said to West Germany, to the United States; the news agency ANSA said it exported to the Soviet Union. Specialists of international standing, among them Alan Poland of Rochester University, have come to Seveso, left, and not been heard from since. There have been no statements. Nowhere is it said what Icmesa produced. Nowhere is it said for whom.

The weekly *Espresso*, in its August 8th issue, asserted that, besides the trichlorophenol Icmesa admitted producing for defoliants, it manufactured other, undeclared components, among them a poison gas, developed in the United States and in Germany for "chemical defense." *Espresso* states that the Hoffmann-La Roche official who told them this also said that when Icmesa alerted Givaudan two days after the explosion, the Swiss firm at once called the parent firm, which in turn got straightaway in touch with NATO. NATO's first move was, without telling the Italians, to send military technicians in civilian clothes from bases in Karlsruhe, Germany, and from Vicenza, Italy, to make surveys. An official named Siotis is said to have collected soil and water samples, not only from Seveso but, in a radius of more than 12 miles, from Cinisello, Monza, Lodi and Milan. NATO's second move, alleges *Espresso*, was to "suggest" that Icmesa eliminate all traces of the secret substances, and, says the magazine, it was noticed that machinery was in fact tampered with even before the strike finally paralyzed the plant. Further, on Sunday, July 18, when the trichlorophenol section of the plant was requisitioned by decree, it took an unusually long time to clean the vats—to interfere with the residues? *Espresso* asks, adding that the results of the examination were never released, nor were the analyses made by the Vicenza NATO lab. Expert decontamination units of NATO remained silent when asked for information.

Espresso in its August 15th issue stated it had received a denial of all the above from NATO headquarters in Brussels, and published a letter by Guy Waldvogel, administrative director of Givaudan: "I cannot vouch for any person of Hoffmann-La Roche who has spoken to your editor . . . however, I wish to [state that] the whole production of trichlorophenol was exclusively used for the hexachlorophene for our factories in Vermier in Switzerland and Clifton in the United States—from 1975 to 1976, 138 tons for Vernier and 157 tons for Clifton. . . . Our analyses controlling trichlorophenol indicate

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impurities of dioxin from 10 to a maximum of 30 ppb [parts per billion] while international norms concerning 2, 4, 5 T used as herbicides in agriculture tolerate up to 100 ppb. . . ."

On August 18, Rosini, state attorney of Monza, sent a telegram to Waldvogel, indicting him for criminal negligence ("*Disastro colposo*" in Italian). The directors of Icmesa—von Zwehel, Paoletti and Radice—have been arrested on the same charge. The Mayor of Meda, health officials of Meda and Seveso, and a former health official have received summonses to answer charges of not providing safety measures required by law; an engineer and a foreman will also be charged for not advising the pollution department of the Lombardy region of the unhealthy and dangerous substances produced at Icmesa since 1972.

The fight for legal abortion, raging in Italy for years, rose to a new furor when it was learned that dioxin probably affects the liver of the unborn child and also may cause deformation. Even in this extreme situation the Vatican was adamant. Giovanni Colombo, archbishop of Milan, went so far as to declare that women must bear babies under any circumstances, but that the Church would provide other people if parents were unwilling to take care of their own deformed babies. In the end, Premier Andreotti made "therapeutic abortion" legal—it could be undertaken if a women's psychic or physical health was threatened. For Adele Faccio, veteran leader of the fight for abortion, this was not sufficient. "Does a woman have to pretend to be mad before she can get an abortion?" she asks. On the other hand, the Vatican fears that this new law will be the loophole through which any kind of abortion can enter the country.

Because most of the women in the area are the wives of workmen from the underdeveloped south, where Church and tradition still have a tenacious hold, they were at first reluctant to come forward. Special clinics which guard their identity have been set up, as well as seminars for birth control and sex education. One positive effect of the disaster is that these women, who yesterday were ashamed to admit to their neighbors that they had been examined by a doctor, today come together to hear detailed lectures on what goes on in their own bodies.

The other positive effect is the beginning of a crackdown on industry. Italy used to be called the garden of Europe. Were it not for the smog from oil refineries over La Spezia harbor and the recurrent gunfire from the warships there, looking out from my window over the olive groves and orchards of the Ligurian coast I could almost believe it still was. But Italy has become the garbage dump of Europe.

The Po, its largest river, is lined by factories that leak chemical waste into its stream and so into the Adriatic. The fertile Po plain, which produces most of the country's corn and orchard fruit, is contaminated with insecticides having a sulfur base. The town of Colleferro near Rome has one of the highest mortality rates in Italy; it is the site of the SNIA Viscosa factory which emits toxic substances in the course of producing everything from household goods to explosives. Similar plants are mushrooming all over the country. Near Vercelli the rice plantations are treated with herbicides with a 2-4-5 TP base produced by Dow Chemical; these have destroyed 50 per cent of the surrounding vineyards, fruit and other trees. One death and severe cases of hepatitis have been noted. Farm hands in the rice fields who complain of blood in their urine are treated for ordinary kidney infection by public health authorities. Poland will not import rice from Italy.

In 1974, near Otranto, the port at the heel of the Italian boot, the Yugoslav freighter, *Cavtat*, carrying 900 steel drums containing 250 tons of a lead compound, was shipwrecked. If these containers leak, they will disastrously contaminate both the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. The United Nations has funds for salvage in such cases, which here would be neither difficult nor expensive, but the government has done nothing.

At Porto Marghera, near Venice, the Montedison company keeps stocks of $COCl_2$ or phosgene, used in the production of plastics. $COCl_2$ is a gas which, if released in the atmosphere, produces serious, often fatal, lung lesions. It was the base for the poison gases used in World War I. A few years ago a plane crashed about 100 yards from the storage area; during the earthquake last May the Mercalli scale reached 7 degrees in the vicinity. These tanks stand in the center of a region of 2 million inhabitants. When a science student living 12 miles from Marghera asked on a visit to the Montedison plant if any steps were taken to warn people of their danger, the answer was no.

Sardinia is one of the most impoverished islands of Italy and until recently, when speculators created fashionable beach resorts there, it subsisted on banditry and emigration. Now its barren coasts are bristling with the most sophisticated military installations in Europe. There are thirteen NATO bases. In 1973, over the heads of the population and with the connivance of the government—then as now again headed by Andreotti—the U.S. Navy established a nuclear submarine base at the mouth of La Maddalena harbor. The Sardinians have ever since been demanding to know the degree of radiation and other dangers to which they and their summer guests are exposed, but they are faced with a military secret.

After Seveso, Italians were saying: in the old days foreign powers fought their wars on our land; now they use it to develop their poisons. Because we needed the labor so badly, because we have so far been too ignorant to enforce expensive safety devices, we have been had once more. But the old fatalism, nurtured once by fascism and still now by the Church, is being shaken.

On the island of Ponza is one of Italy's many cement factories (cement affects the lungs and has blighted the vineyards of the Chianti region). It has been operating since 1932 and has swallowed whole villages and a Roman aqueduct. Now, finally, it has been closed down.

Priolo, near Syracuse in Sicily, once a fishing village, now lies in the middle of an 18-mile-wide industrial belt. Refineries and magnesium plants, a thermoelectrical center powered by gasoline, a dozen large chemical enterprises and seventy small and medium ones (a Montedison

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aniline plant is about to be added) have caused chronic bronchial disturbances and blighted land and sea. Finally the local authorities are demanding that, unless the plants are equipped with filters and purification systems, Priolo's 12,000 inhabitants must be evacuated. Four hundred factories in Lombardy province, which includes Seveso and whose center is Milan, are now under indictment.

Magistrate Sensa writes in Milan's *Corriere della Sera*: "The split these days between the real country and the stereotype of the legal country has become obvious. If on the first pages of newspapers Seveso occupies more space than do the laborious convolutions of the new government . . . it is perhaps because we are responding instinctively to its symptomatic meaning. . . . The public administration has approached it reluctantly, without using it to attack long-neglected problems . . . land speculation, abuse of industrial licenses, work hazards cynically regarded as part of production costs. . . . The main problems are interrelated—pollution, politics, cultural standards. Industry and respect for nature can coexist . . . not for the sake of a fantasy idea of a state but for the idea of the state as common survival."

Magistrate Amendola, a coordinator of environment agencies and a member of the Communist Party, says, also in the *Corriere della Sera*: "Seveso is neither an accident nor an isolated episode but the consequence of the rule of a class which, balancing private gain against the common good, has violated the land and public health.

"The means are always the same—a maze of relegated responsibilities, inadequate public institutions, laws with loopholes, rules not applied. . . .

"Together with Seveso, Italy is dying. The sea is in its last throes, many waterways are beyond saving, towns have been evacuated. Cancer, typhus, viral hepatitis, paratyphoid, all typical environmental diseases, are growing each day. . . .

"These problems are not solved by promises of decontamination, as the present government seems to believe . . . but by a profound political change [after which] the structure of an industry based on petroleum by-products, created with public funds, exporting to other countries, operating with maximum expenditure of energy, minimum employment and a high rate of pollution, must be radically re-evaluated. And the concept of 'progress' must then be re-examined by institutions able to work for the benefit of all." □

HANDCUFFS, MACE AND ARMORED CARS

Exporting the Tools of Repression

MICHAEL T. KLARE & NANCY STEIN

In the past few months, millions of words have been written about U.S. military sales abroad, but nothing has been said about the booming trade in police weapons and services. Although Congress voted in 1974 to abolish all forms of aid to civil security forces abroad, the United States is still deeply involved in arming, training and advising foreign police forces. Most of this work is carried out by arms producers through commercial sales channels, but the State and Justice Departments are also involved via the International Narcotics Control Program. And while exports of police hardware do not compare in dollar value to sales of conventional military equipment, they probably have a greater effect on the day-to-day lives of ordinary citizens—particularly those living in repressive societies where the police play a major role in stifling dissent.

According to documents obtained by the authors under the Freedom of Information Act, U.S. arms manufacturers in the past three years alone have sold more than 50,000 handguns, 10,000 machine guns and rifles, 155,000 gas grenades, 296 armored cars and 6,600 canisters of Mace to police organizations in the Third World. These weapons exports represent but a part of the booming trade in repression technology. Other U.S. products in high demand abroad include radio-equipped patrol cars, night-vision devices, and computerized data systems. U.S. firms have also moved into the area of police training and management: Smith & Wesson, for instance, provides instruction to foreign policemen at its Springfield, Mass. academy; Federal Laboratories, Inc. of Saltsburg, Pa., conducts seminars on chemical weapons handling for law-enforcement agencies around the world.

Although Congress recently established new constraints on military sales abroad, police exports continue to escape scrutiny since they rarely exceed the $7 million minimum placed on Congressional review operations. And despite a statutory ban on military and economic assistance to any country whose government "engages in a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights," the State and Defense Departments continue to aid security forces in South Korea, Indonesia, Brazil and other countries where such violations are commonplace.

The United States began to arm foreign police forces in 1954, when the Eisenhower administration agreed to establish in Indonesia the first U.S. "Public Safety Mission." This activity soon spread to South Vietnam, where CIA operatives working under the cover of the Michigan State University Group assumed the job of managing that nation's burgeoning police apparatus. By 1962, the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) was supporting police forces in thirty-nine countries, and President Kennedy established the Office of Public Safety (OPS) to expand the program even further. OPS ulti-

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mately had a staff of more than 400 "Public Safety Advisers" stationed in some forty countries abroad and an annual budget in excess of $50 million.

The Office of Public Safety aided foreign police agencies in three ways: by making direct grants of police hardware; by providing advanced training to selected police officers at the International Police Academy (IPA) in Washington, D.C. and at other schools in the United States, and by setting up "in-country" training programs staffed by resident U.S. Public Safety Advisers. By the time the program was shut down in 1975, OPS had distributed some $200 million worth of arms and equipment abroad, had brought more than 10,000 police officials to IPA and other U.S. schools, and had provided in-country training to at least a million foreign policemen.

Officially, the public safety program's goal was to make indigenous police better able to maintain law and order. In practice, however, the program was subsumed under the U.S. counterinsurgency campaign and used to combat radical and insurgent forces abroad. [See "The Reality Behind *State of Siege*," by Michael T. Klare, *The Nation*, December 10, 1973.] Thus OPS officials made known in 1970 that funds would be used to help Third World security forces acquire a capacity "for detecting and identifying criminal and/or subversive individuals and organizations and *neutralizing* their activities," and for "controlling militant activities ranging from demonstrations, disorders, or riots through small-scale guerrilla operations." (Our italics; "neutralize" is a sinister word because of its association with Operation Phoenix in Vietnam, where it was used by U.S. officials as a euphemism for murder.) Not surprisingly, the bulk of OPS funds went to countries where pro-U.S. regimes were under attack from indigenous revolutionary movements: these included South Vietnam, Thailand, the Philippines, Guatemala, Uruguay and Brazil.

In most of these countries, OPS concentrated on modernizing and expanding key infrastructure elements involved in counterinsurgency. In Thailand, for instance, OPS established a national police telecommunications system; in Brazil it installed a centralized computer network. The most elaborate public safety program was undertaken in South Vietnam, where OPS built prison facilities, financed the secret police apparatus, and sponsored the Operation Phoenix assassination program.

Ultimately, it became impossible to disguise the repressive nature of the public safety program. Former U.S. AID and Army officials testified about the torture and executions in Vietnam. In Uruguay, prominent officials linked the OPS mission to the infamous "Death Squads." And a Congressional study team sent to the Dominican Republic and Guatemala concluded that the OPS program was a "severe political liability for the United States" because through it Washington had become "politically identified with police terrorism" in those countries. Finally, as a result of mounting pressure from anti-war and human rights groups, Congress voted in December 1973 to halt OPS training programs abroad. A year later, after still more OPS abuses had been disclosed, Congress voted to ban all public safety programs, including training at the International Police Academy.

The dissolution of the Office of Public Safety has not, however, put an end to U.S. attempts to strengthen the repressive powers of Third World police forces. Under cover of the International Narcotics Control Program (which was not affected by the 1974 ban on police aid), the State Department has provided arms, equipment and training to many of the same units it had supported through the public safety program. Such aid now equals that formerly provided by OPS, and it is still rising. Furthermore, the Justice Department's Drug Enforcement Administration has established an elaborate training program for foreign police personnel, and the Department of Defense continues to support military units engaged in domestic law enforcement.

Since 1971, the State Department has disbursed (via AID) some $150 million in narcotics control funds. Most of this money has been used to provide arms and equipment to civil security forces in selected Third World countries—particularly Burma, Thailand, Mexico, Ecuador, Colombia, Peru and Bolivia. Such aid is theoretically earmarked for special narcotics squads, but the General Accounting Office (GAO) reports that U.S. gear often goes to regular police units that have arbitrarily been designated anti-drug agencies.

The GAO also finds that most of the "anti-narcotics" hardware furnished by AID consists of the same mix of guns, communications devices and vehicles as was supplied to these units by OPS. In Thailand, for example, a GAO study team found that the "commodities supplied [under the narcotics program] are basically the same as those furnished under the public safety program and go to the same Thai National Police Department elements that had received public-safety support." These deliveries were defended on the ground that all Thai police units engage in anti-drug operations—a patently implausible allegation with respect to a country whose police have been molded by U.S. advisers into a hardened counter-insurgency force. (Most Thai border police officers, for instance, received their training at combat schools staffed by U.S. Special Forces instructors.) Even U.S. Embassy officials concede, according to the GAO, that "it will be almost impossible to insure that commodities furnished will be used exclusively for controlling narcotics."

The State Department also provides training in drug control techniques to foreign police personnel in cooperation with the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the U.S. Customs Service. Such training is offered by DEA "mobile training teams" sent abroad, and at special schools in the United States. The mobile teams usually offer two or three weeks of intensive schooling to local narcotics officials; last year these teams visited twenty-two countries and provided training to 1,255 foreign officers. More sophisticated training is provided at the DEA's Advanced International Drug Enforcement School in Washington, D.C., which in 1976 admitted 130 trainees from thirty-four countries. Foreign officers are also enrolled in the U.S. Customs Service Training School which, ironically, occupies the facilities that once housed the International Police Academy. All told, some 12,000 foreign police personnel have received some training under these programs since their inception five years ago.

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Vadillo, el Sol de Mexico

The programs are supplemented by advisory activities of the 409 DEA agents stationed in forty-four countries. Former members of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and other investigative agencies, these officers supply "intelligence expertise and technical assistance" to local police. Although they are supposed to confine their activities to drug-related operations, it is once again impossible to insure that such cooperation does not extend to nondrug activities. Indeed, the DEA acknowledges that its agents work closely with those of the CIA and FBI, and that U.S.-backed anti-narcotics sweeps sometimes haul in persons wanted for nondrug crimes—including, apparently, political crimes.

While it is undoubtedly true that most U.S. narcotics officials are primarily involved in drug-related activities, it is also obvious that the narcotics program can be used as a cover for the support of conventional police forces. The GAO found clear evidence of such abuses in Thailand, and they are likely to have occurred in other countries where large OPS programs have been supplanted by comparable narcotics programs. Indeed, such findings provoked the Senate Appropriations Committee to issue this warning in 1975:

> . . . it is not the purpose of the narcotics program to give the participating governments access to a continuous supply of free police equipment, much of which is possibly being used for purposes unrelated to control of drug traffic. The Committee therefore recommends a sharp reduction in equipment not directly related to increasing the recipients' drug traffic control effort. Congress did not intend that the activity become an international law enforcement assistance program.

But even if Congress plugs this loophole in its ban on police support activities, it will still face another major challenge: the use of Military Assistance Program (MAP) funds to support foreign military units engaged in domestic law enforcement. Although the Pentagon has agreed to cut off money for military forces committed *exclusively* to police work, it continues to support many units which perform law-enforcement services sporadically or under "temporary" martial law or state-of-siege conditions. Furthermore, domestic counterinsurgency is seen as the primary function of the military in many Third World countries, and thus army forces are often used to crush strikes, demonstrations and other civil disorders. Indeed, U.S. strategists have consistently encouraged the development of strong internal security forces and often earmarked MAP funds for the purpose. In Latin America, for instance, the MAP is designed to help countries "maintain military and parliamentary forces capable of providing, with police forces, internal security essential to orderly political, social and economic development."

Given these priorities, it is not surprising that the GAO found in 1976 that U.S. aid was continuing to flow to military units which regularly perform police functions, or to joint-usage installations (communications centers, maintenance facilities, etc.) serving both police and the military. And, in countries where the MAP is now being phased out, counterinsurgency hardware is provided through the Pentagon's Foreign Military Sales program. Furthermore, the Pentagon continues to train foreign military personnel in such subjects as military police functions, intelligence operations, and urban counterinsurgency at service schools in the United States and the Panama Canal Zone. (Between 1970 and 1975, 223 foreign soldiers received training at the U.S. Military Police School at Fort McClellan, Ala., while another 1,247 soldiers—including 235 Uruguayans and fifty Chileans—attended courses in urban counterinsurgency and internal security at the U.S. Army School of the Americas in the Panama Canal Zone.) Although such training is officially barred to civil security personnel, no attempt is made to exclude persons who have dual military/police responsibilities or who serve in units with periodic police functions.

Obviously, the danger of such diversion of U.S. aid is greatest in countries ruled by martial law or state-of-siege decree, where the military has been assigned substantial law-enforcement powers and responsibilities. These countries are typically ruled by military juntas or, as in the case of South Korea and the Philippines, by elected officials turned dictator. Since the White House (and U.S.-based multinational corporations) find it convenient to work with such regimes rather than with more democratic but less compliant governments, it is hardly surprising that MAP grants and FMS credits are disproportionately funneled to such countries. Among the leading recipients of military aid in fiscal 1977 are: Taiwan ($36 million), Indonesia ($46 million), South Korea ($286 million),

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the Philippines ($41 million), Argentina ($49 million) and Brazil ($61 million). All told, these military-dominated countries received $520 million or 68 per cent of total military aid (excluding Israel and the oil kingdoms) going to the Third World. Obviously, a good portion of these funds will go to agencies whose principal function is the suppression of civil liberties, rather than defense against external attack.

While the 1974 ban on police assistance abroad has placed some restrictions on the administration's support operations, it has had no effect whatever on the *private* trade in police arms and services. Such sales are not ordinarily restricted by existing legislation (except in the case of sales to Communist countries), and industry sources report that they are selling as many handguns, riot gear and armored cars as they can produce. "There are more riots and upheavals than ever before," one arms executive told us, "and we're doing more business than ever." Although no accurate statistics have been published on the value of this trade, it can hardly fall below $100 million annually—an amount that exceeds the now defunct OPS commodity program by a wide margin.

Unlike the trade in conventional armaments, police exports have largely escaped public investigation. Under the Freedom of Information Act, however, the authors have acquired documents which for the first time make it possible to analyze this trade. These documents consist of the licenses (form DSP-5) issued by the State Department's Office of Munitions Control (OMC) for the export of arms and other "implements of war" as defined by the U.S. Munitions List. (Any firm wishing to export items on this list is required, under the Mutual Security Act of 1954, to obtain a license from the OMC.) The licenses identify the producers, types and quantities of arms sold to foreign police forces by major U.S. suppliers in the past few years. The 675 licenses we have obtained demonstrate—more forcefully than any treatise could—that the United States has become the world's principal merchant of repression.

According to the OMC documents, almost every country in the world has obtained at least some police hardware from U.S. firms. Even countries like Algeria, Panama and Iraq, whose leaders oppose Washington on key issues, tend to acquire their police equipment in the United States. In general, however, the major customers for such arms are the governments of countries whose police take a major part in combating guerrillas and/or suppressing dissent—notably Indonesia, Thailand, South Korea, Pakistan, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Brazil and Guatemala. Some of the more striking sales we found among the OMC documents are those of 8,700 M-16 rifles (with bayonets) to the Thai National Police, 30,000 CS gas grenades to the Federal Security Police of Pakistan, 1,326 canisters of Mace to the Brazilian Army and six V-150 armored cars to the Palace Guard of Haiti. Other customers include the Carabineros of Chile, the Presidential Security Force of South Korea and SAVAK (the much-feared secret police of Iran).

Foreign police agencies can buy almost any item of equipment used by their American counterparts, and even some that are not. The items in greatest demand abroad, according to the OMC documents, are firearms, gas grenades and armored cars. A brief description of the categories and producers of these arms follows:

¶*Handguns:* the most popular type is the .38-caliber revolver, of which Smith & Wesson and Colt, the leading producers, have sold more than 50,000 since 1973. Other popular handguns are .357- and .32-caliber revolvers.

¶*Other firearms:* these include rifles, submachine guns and shotguns. The most popular items are the Colt M-16 automatic rifle, the Military Armament Corporation's .380-caliber and 9-mm submachine guns, and the High Standard Model #10 12-gauge riot shotgun. All told, some 10,000 of these weapons have been exported to Third World police forces in the past few years.

¶*Riot agents:* these are usually identified as tear gas, although they are not gases but powdery substances, and one of them, CS, produces effects much more devastating than tears. U.S. firms produce two riot agents: CN (chloroacetophenone), the original "tear gas" developed by the Army during World War I; and CS (orthochlorobenzalmalononitrile), or "pepper gas," which produces coughing, choking and a burning sensation on the skin. The principal U.S. producers are Smith & Wesson and Federal Laboratories, Inc.; both firms package the agents in grenades, shells (for use with shotguns and special riot guns), and in liquid solutions for use with fogging systems.

¶*Mace:* a special type of chemical weapon used to incapacitate individuals for periods of up to thirty minutes at a time. It was first produced by the General Ordnance Equipment Corp. (a subsidiary of Smith & Wesson) under the "Mace" trademark, and the name has become the generic term for all products of the sort. The Federal Streamer, a similar substance, is produced by Federal Laboratories.

¶*Armored cars:* the only armored police vehicle produced in America is the V-150 Commando, manufactured by the Cadillac Gage Corp. of Warren, Mich. (a subsidiary of the Ex-Cell-O Corp). These vehicles normally come equipped with radios, loudspeakers and gun turrets, and can carry up to twelve policemen. More than 4,000 V-150s have been sold over the past ten years, at an average unit cost of $100,000. The Detroit police used some of these vehicles during the 1967 riots, but they are not normally employed by U.S. law-enforcement agencies; in many Third World countries, however, they are often used to crush demonstrations and strikes. Major V-150 customers in recent years have included the police forces of Turkey, Indonesia, Thailand, Malaysia, and the Philippines.

¶*Surveillance devices:* the war in Vietnam spurred the development of a great variety of night-vision devices and other surveillance systems for use in jungle operations; now such equipment is beginning to find its way into the arsenals of domestic and foreign police forces. The OMC documents list sales of two families of night-vision devices: Smith & Wesson's "Star-tron" system and Javelin Electronic's models #221, #222 and #223. Both systems can be mounted on still or movie cameras (to collect evidence) or on rifles for night combat operations.

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Other police products that are in demand abroad do not require an export license; these include handcuffs, helmets and shields, riot clubs, electronic surveillance systems, and patrol vehicles. Since OMC keeps no record of such transactions, it is difficult to estimate the size of the market, but industry sources suggest that it is substantial. Many foreign police forces are now equipped with U.S. automobiles and helicopters, and even Iraq—which obtains most of its regular military gear from the Soviet Union—has acquired a fleet of Chevrolet Novas for the Baghdad police. Furthermore, there is a growing overseas demand for U.S. computer systems and related technology for police intelligence work and to equip electronic "war rooms" like those installed in major American cities.

The police suppliers, like most arms firms, are intensely secretive about their export operations. But we have been able to construct an overview of the industry based on interviews, published reports and court records.

By all accounts the giant in this field is Smith & Wesson of Springfield, Mass., a long-established producer of firearms. S&W is believed to control 75 per cent of the domestic market for standard police hardware, and a substantial share of the international market. The firm was acquired by the Bangor Punta Corp. in 1965, and since then S&W has embarked on an aggressive campaign to buy up small producers of specialized police gear. In 1966, it acquired the Lake Erie Chemical Co., producer of riot gases, and the General Ordnance Equipment Corp., manufacturer of Mace. As a result of these acquisitions, S&W offers "the world's longest line of law-enforcement products," including handguns, shotguns, riot agents, Mace, clubs, helmets, handcuffs, sirens, and such specialty items as the "Breathalyzer" (for measuring alcohol consumption) and the "Identi-Kit" (for developing composite drawings of suspects).

Until 1968, Smith & Wesson channeled most of its foreign sales through export firms, particularly Polak, Winters & Co. of San Francisco and Jonas Aircraft and Arms Co. of New York City. In that year, however, the firm established its own International Marketing Division. "Since we will be phasing out Jonas and Polak," a 1968 S&W strategy paper affirms, "we should start cutting their allocations back. . . . Although Jonas and Polak will undoubtedly scream, we do not feel there is any other choice [since] our plan calls for their elimination and replacement with direct accounts." To carry out this scheme, S&W officials reportedly tried to co-opt overseas sales agents employed by Polak, Winters, or to by-pass existing sales channels altogether. Ultimately, Polak, Winters brought suit against Bangor Punta in federal court, charging violation of U.S. antitrust laws.

In addition to its manufacturing activities, Smith & Wesson offers police services through its Law Enforcement Group. In 1969, it opened the Smith & Wesson academy in Springfield to provide training to domestic and foreign law-enforcement personnel. Headed by Charles L. Smith, former supervisor of weapons training for the FBI, the academy is described as providing "public and industrial security forces with expert training in riot control." Students come from most U.S. states and several foreign countries to take courses in such subjects as firearms and nonlethal weaponry, firearms instructor, automatic weapons seminar, and night surveillance techniques. S&W also runs an armorers school, which trains repair and maintenance personnel. Together, the two S&W schools have an annual enrollment of about 1,000 trainees, and as of 1975 could boast of a combined domestic and foreign alumni body of 4,000.

After Smith & Wesson, the major U.S. firm in the field is Federal Laboratories, Inc., of Saltsburg, Pa., a subsidiary of the Breeze Corp. Federal Labs pioneered the development of chemical agents for crowd control, and today is the world's leading producer of these weapons. Federal gained notoriety in the 1930s for supplying corporations with tear gas to use against striking workers; "it's better to gas a worker than to kill him," Federal's President John W. Young once told a Senate committee. The firm still adopts a moralistic tone when discussing the use of chemical agents against radical demonstrators —particularly those in Third World countries. Spraying tear gas to disperse rioters, one executive told us, "is like using a fumigant to clear the streets." To encourage the use of such weapons, Federal Labs runs training seminars for law-enforcement personnel in many foreign countries, and convenes an annual chemical weapons school for U.S. and foreign police officers at its headquarters in Pennsylvania.

Other leading producers in the law-enforcement field are: Colt Firearms (a subsidiary of Colt Industries, Inc.), manufacturers of handguns and the M-16 rifle; High Standard Sporting Firearms of Hamden, Conn., producers of shotguns and pistols, and the Military Armament Corp. of Marietta, Ga., makers of submachine guns.

Aside from these manufacturers, the most active firms in the overseas police trade are the export firms like Polak, Winters, Jonas Aircraft and Fargo International of Kensington, Md. As noted, some of these firms got started as overseas sales agents for Smith & Wesson, but after S&W started exporting direct they had to establish ties with other U.S. producers. Despite the setback, executives of the firms report a steady increase in sales. "The world demand for law enforcement is very strong," G.H. Steinemann of Jonas Aircraft told us, "due to increases in the population and with constant disorders around the world."

The arms firms recognize that the need for repression technology is greatest in countries where the leadership is most resistant to radical change, and they have structured their marketing activities accordingly. In South Korea, for instance, the Smith & Wesson representative reportedly agreed to expedite deliveries of riot gear in anticipation of mass demonstrations against proposed restrictions on democratic rights, while Cadillac Gage has concentrated its sales activities in countries where security forces rely on overwhelming force to curb dissent. And a representative of Federal Labs expressed regret that U.S. firms are barred from entering the lucrative tear-gas market in South Africa, where clashes between riot police and black demonstrators have become daily occurrences.

U.S. arms firms are expanding their foothold in the Third World police market by setting up plants abroad

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and by establishing joint ventures with local companies. Smith & Wesson recently became part owner of Forjas Taurus, a Brazilian manufacturer of firearms, and Colt Industries has set up M-16 assembly plants in South Korea and the Philippines under the Foreign Military Sales program. Such activities are bound to increase as the demand for police hardware grows and as more and more Third World countries seek to establish their own armaments industry.

Industry spokesmen report that most sales are initiated by overseas representatives or commercial agents working on a commission basis. In many countries, the original contact with local police officials is made through locally based U.S. corporate officials (in Hong Kong, the agent for one U.S. arms exporter was aided by officials of Dow Chemical, and in Singapore by the American President steamship line), while in some, introductions are made by members of the U.S. Embassy or the Military Assistance Advisory Group. In Bolivia, the Smith & Wesson line of riot gear was demonstrated to local police officials by the U.S. military attaché; in Taiwan a MAAG official agreed to push sales of Mace to Taiwanese authorities. And, as in the case of regular military sales, U.S. firms also rely on the cooperation of prominent citizens who have influence with local government officials. Documents on file in the National Archives and Records Center in San Bruno, Calif., indicate that an executive of Polak, Winters & Co. wrote to a sporting goods merchant in Iran that, "in view of your excellent government connections, I know that you will be interested in the possibilities presented by the chemical Mace."

The information presented above indicates that Congressional attempts to dissociate the United States from "police terrorism" abroad have been unsuccessful. Although some U.S. aid programs have been suspended, others have taken up the task of arming foreign police agencies. And despite Congressional opposition to continued U.S. assistance to repressive governments abroad, such aid continues to be concentrated in some of the most authoritarian and brutal regimes of the Third World. Congressional restrictions appear even more ineffective in the private sector, where U.S. arms firms are enjoying a land-office business. While the International Security Assistance and Arms Export Control Act of 1976, passed on June 30, gives Congress veto power over military sales in excess of $25 million (or $7 million for a single item), police exports will rarely be affected since such sales seldom exceed $1 million for any given delivery. Obviously some new inspection and control measures are needed if Congress is to carry through with its intention of cutting back on arms delivery to repressive governments.

Knowledgeable observers agree that incidence of torture and police brutality is on the increase around the world. Many of the countries where humanitarian groups have found widespread evidence of such practices—including Iran, Indonesia, Brazil, South Korea and the Philippines—are among the leading recipients of U.S. police aid and equipment. Unless decisive action is taken to curb such exports, the United States—once honored as the "Arsenal of Democracy"—will become known as the Arsenal of Repression. □

FEDERAL RESERVE

A Private Club for Public Policy

REP. HENRY S. REUSS

Washington

In these days of government in the sunshine, it would be hard to imagine the following scene: A board of twelve men meets behind closed doors once a month to decide the nation's fiscal policy. Seven of them have been chosen by the President, five by representatives of banking and big business. At this particular meeting they review the nation's economic condition and decide that what's needed is a hike in taxes and a cut in federal spending. The next morning, their decisions are quietly put into effect. Thirty days later, they issue a summary of the meeting telling the country what they did.

Fiscal policy, fortunately for the nation, is not really made that way. Taxing and spending decisions are debated thoroughly, in a healthy tug of war between the executive and legislative branches. But we allow *monetary* policy to be shaped in a way that closely fits the scene just described.

The decisions made in secret each month by the twelve-man Federal Open Market Committee (FOMC), the Federal Reserve System's controlling arm on monetary policy, have enormous influence. They affect jobs, prices, economic growth, profits, interest rates, capital investment, the flow of money between the United States and other countries. When the FOMC decides to tighten or loosen the money supply, the Fed's traders promptly move into the open market. They quietly buy up government securities from the banks, thereby giving the banks more money which they can lend out; or they sell government securities to the banks, sopping up the banks' reserves and making it tougher for their customers—corporations, small businesses, consumers—to get credit.

Open market policy is a powerful tool. Actions by the Federal Reserve can induce slowdowns in the economy. The recessions of 1966-67, 1969-70 and 1974-75 were caused in part by deliberate Fed decisions to pull

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in the reins. If the Fed miscalculates, the slowdown may be deeper, larger and longer than intended. Or the Fed can pump things up. In the weeks before the 1972 election, it went on a monetary binge. The money supply ballooned, and the future looked rosy by November. Unfortunately, the Fed's generosity helped overheat the economy and contributed to later double-digit inflation and unemployment.

Since the public has such a large stake in its decisions, reform of the Fed to make it more responsive to Americans at large should have high priority. Reform could well start with changing the way members of the FOMC are selected. The decisions of the FOMC are clearly public, not private, decisions. Yet they are made not only in secret but in substantial part by people who have been privately, not publicly, selected.

The FOMC's twelve voting members consist of the seven members of the Federal Reserve Board, who have been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, plus five presidents of the Federal Reserve Banks. There are twelve such Banks, and their presidents take turns as voting members. These Bank presidents are chosen by the Boards of Directors of the twelve Banks—two-thirds of whom have been selected by banks that are members of the Federal Reserve System. They do not necessarily represent a public viewpoint, yet they make public monetary policy, and affect the regulation of the banks to whom they owe their positions. Nowhere else in the federal government do we allow essentially private persons to make governmental decisions of such monumental importance.

Letting Federal Reserve Bank presidents make monetary policy is more than just unwise; I am firmly convinced that it is unconstitutional. The Constitution (Article II, Section 2) says that only "officers of the United States" may make governmental decisions. The Federal Election Commission had to be reconstituted recently to comply with a Supreme Court ruling. The Court held the FEC unconstitutional because its members, who were making governmental decisions, had not been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as the Constitution requires. Surely, the same logic must apply to the FOMC.

A second, badly needed change is in the make-up of the boards of directors of the Reserve Banks. These boards have broad public responsibilities. Nominating the Bank presidents is their most important single function, but their influence extends to other aspects of the Fed's responsibilities. In recent years the Fed has been given increased regulatory responsibility. It must enforce such laws as the Consumer Credit Protection Act, the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, and the Bank Holding Company Act. Thus it is startling to see the Reserve Banks almost completely dominated by banking and commercial interests.

It would be hard to find, anywhere in government, as white, male, upper-class and exclusive a group as the board members of these Reserve Banks. Some 108 persons serve on the boards at a given time (twelve Banks with nine board members each). That group in-

"Aha! Caught You in the Nick of Time."

cludes no family-sized farmers—though farmers are among the most constant users of credit. There are only two blacks—though the viewpoint blacks would bring to economic policy making could be quite different from the view of the comfortable majority. Incredibly, not one of the 108 directors is a woman, though women are increasingly to be found in the top directorates of private industry. In the sixty-three-year history of the Fed, there have been no women and only four minority members among the 1,088 persons who have served on the boards.

The way the boards are selected gives some clue to why they are so exclusive. Three "Class A" directors are chosen by the Fed's member banks, and are bankers. Three "Class B" directors are also elected by the banks, and must be persons "actively engaged in commerce, agriculture, or some other industrial pursuit." In five of the twelve Districts, nominations for the Class A and Class B directors are actually channeled through state bankers' associations, the lobby for the industry.

The three "Class C" directors are supposed to be representative of a broader public. In fact, they represent the same narrow interests as the others: twenty-nine of the thirty-six current Class C directors are executives or directors of corporations, mostly large. Members of consumer organizations or labor unions are never chosen for these posts. An extensive study by the staff of the House Banking Committee recently concluded that the directors are "representative of a small elite group which dominates much of the economic life of this nation."

The study also found a pervasive pattern of clubbiness

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in the way the Fed consistently dips into the same pools —the same companies, the same universities, the same bank holding companies—to fill directorships. The system is replete with interlocks. Many of the bankers on the boards are also directors of the biggest corporations.

One must also wonder about the conflict of interest of board members when it comes to Federal Reserve regulation of bank holding companies. Twenty-five of the present 108 directors serve, or have served, as officers or directors of these very holding companies. How objective are they likely to be? At the Minneapolis Fed, even the three Class C "public" directors were all former directors of First Bank System, Inc., the nation's twelfth largest multi-bank holding company, or one of its affiliates.

The Federal Reserve Reform Act was before Congress this year. It would have increased the Reserve Banks' board membership from nine to twelve by adding three more public members and provided that directors be selected without discrimination and with consideration given to women, minorities, consumers and labor. The bill passed the House last May, 279 to 85, but got lost in the Senate's adjournment rush in September. It will be up for consideration again next year. Meanwhile, there is some reason to hope that the Fed has seen the light, and that the thirty-six appointments to be made by the end of 1976 will be less one-sided than in the past.

A third need is to end the isolation of the Federal Reserve from the rest of economic policy making in the government. The Fed is supposed to have a large measure of independence, enough to shelter it from shifting political winds. To that end members of the Board of Governors have fourteen-year terms. But the Fed should not be so independent that, as Prof. James Tobin of Yale University said, it always "has the last word" and can offset the basic economic policies and priorities arrived at by the President and the Congress.

When Congress voted a tax increase to cool off the overheating economy during the war in Vietnam (mid-1968), and the President signed it, the Fed offset the will of Congress by loosening up on the money supply. Inflation actually accelerated. Such actions raise a basic question: with fiscal and monetary policy pulling in opposite directions, how is one to pinpoint responsibility for the nation's economic performance?

Certainly, there should be more coordination between fiscal and monetary policy. Prof. Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago, conservative in monetary matters, said in Banking Committee hearings on January 22, 1976, that fiscal and monetary policy "ought to be conducted in concert. . . . I do not share the view of those people who say you should have a nonpolitical monetary policy any more than you should have a nonpolitical fiscal policy." The Federal Reserve Reform Act, mentioned above, seeks to coordinate fiscal and monetary policy.

A fourth need is to require the Federal Reserve to be more open with Congress and the public about its policies. A good start was made in the 94th Congress: it brought the chairman of the Fed before Congress every three months for a dialogue on the targets of money supply and long-term interest rates. Paul Volcker, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, said recently that the hearings have proved a useful exercise in "practical monetarism"; the FOMC has had to justify its decisions more clearly in its own mind. Chairman Burns himself has acknowledged that the increased public dialogue has been "most helpful."

This exchange of views should be expanded. There is no reason why the Fed should not tell Congress and the people what *results* it expects to achieve with its stated targets—what rate of inflation, what rate of unemployment, what rate of economic growth, what level of interest rates. The Fed has batteries of economists making those projections; the public, which pays for such research, is certainly entitled to know what the projections are, and how they were arrived at.

Fed officials have complained that, if it were required to divulge its projections, the staff would become so gun shy that it could not do honest economic work. In fact, it would be doing nothing more than the Council of Economic Advisers does every January in its projections on taxing and spending policy.

Even within its present limitations, the Fed's testimony could be sharpened to give the public a better reading on monetary performance. Chairman Burns has made his target of growth in the money supply so wide (most recently 4.5 to 7 per cent for the most narrowly defined money supply—cash and checking accounts) that its meaning is considerably diminished. There is a great deal of difference, in the effect on the economy, between 4.5 and 7 per cent.

Those of us who have been pressing for changes in the Fed are sometimes accused of wishing to "politicize" the System, thus compromising its vaunted "independence." The argument for "independence" usually goes like this: the decisions the Fed makes are highly complex; sometimes unpopular decisions require a long-range viewpoint; nonbankers, nonbusinessmen, and certainly politicians, should not have too much say. That line of reasoning has a certain appeal. It could also apply to decisions involving commitment of troops abroad, regulation of the airlines, taxation or health insurance. Is monetary policy any more complex than decisions in those areas? Yet no one argues that such decisions should be exempt from public scrutiny.

Reform of the Fed, like tax reform or any other change that challenges entrenched interests, is long in coming. Reform too often is an orphan, with powerful enemies. We have seen this in the 94th Congress. Comprehensive reforms were proposed that would have opened up the Federal Reserve to the revealing light of public opinion. But there was no lobby for such reforms. Consumer groups and public-interest organizations favored the changes, but found it hard to interest their constituents in issues that are remote from most people's view. The Fed and its powerful friends in the financial community had no such trouble. The American Bankers Association vowed its "total opposition" to *any* reform.

We must stop thinking of the Fed as simply a "bankers' bank." It is not just a bank. It is a government agency, and our laws should treat it as such. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Homage to Mr. Farrell

LEONARD KRIEGEL

First, the personal note. I was not yet 16 when someone gave me three rather tattered paperbacks, James T. Farrell's *Judgment Day*, Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and Richard Wright's *Black Boy*. At that time, I had never heard of any of these writers. But that was the most important week's reading I ever did or ever was to do. I was a crippled adolescent who, because he could no longer play ball, spent most of his time dreaming about the way things might have been. If I needed the help of fiction, I managed to get it through the liberal sports stories of a boy's book writer named John R. Tunis or else through the technicolor fantasies of Rafael Sabatini (whose name, I must confess, still leaves me with a sense of having been upstaged). In any case, I wasn't quite ready for the task of facing my own hole-in-the-corner existence.

What Farrell and Wright and Mailer gave me that week was the sense that a world's reality could be created by its inhabitants; that, and the immense pleasure that came with the thrilling discovery that one's own environment is the stuff of fiction, too, because it is the stuff of life. It was Studs Lonigan going to his death which, above all, taught me this. For my relationship to Studs was distinctly personal. It wasn't only that he was recognizable. Mailer's novel was certainly filled with recognizable characters, some of whom were as close to me as was Studs. And the Richard Wright I confronted in *Black Boy* was the literal embodiment of the outsider who has been defined by the very forces that oppress him; he was, God knows, "real" enough to fill me with rage and hatred and bitterness. Twenty years later, I was still haunted by *Black Boy* when I sat down to write an essay linking the fates of cripple and Negro. To this very day, I have carefully avoided rereading the book. But Studs and I were on a first-name basis from the beginning. I had fought with him, argued with him, had felt his anti-Semitism, had answered it with my own racism. Studs was a condition of my existence brought to life.

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As soon as I could get to a library, I read *Young Lonigan* and *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*, the first and second volumes of the trilogy. In the years that followed, I was to read other books by James T. Farrell, and to recognize in his work the hunger, the aspirations, the sense of being boxed in, that so many adolescents stemming from working-class or lower-middle-class families feel as they struggle to move out into a larger American world. So many of Farrell's characters, Studs and Tommy Gallagher and Red Kelly, are trapped by a paucity of imagination endemic to a class and a society in which tradition is being destroyed and in which there is nothing else to take its place. Their inability to move toward significantly different fates from those of their fathers, so characteristic of the background out of which they emerge, fixates them on fantasies which simply confirm the aridity of their everyday lives. Only those who find voices of their own (voices that one suspects are modeled closely on Farrell's), most notably Danny O'Neill and Bernard Carr (originally Clare), are capable of challenging the actual world, to begin their races against "the face of time."

What I instinctively knew when I first read Farrell now seems to me his major contribution to American writing: his stubborn insistence on the validity of all lives for the creation of fiction. In this, he followed the lessons of his own masters, Balzac and the 19th-century European realists and Dreiser, writers whom we conveniently pigeonhole but who really have little in common other than their insistence that craft in fiction be matched by situation. Interestingly enough, while realism still remains the dominant fictional mode, it has become increasingly difficult to do it well, since it demands that the writer voluntarily give up so many of those tricks through which he creates his illusions. And realism tends to impose itself on language. *Studs Lonigan* is certainly among the more memorable realistic fictions ever written in this country, but it would be difficult to cull a single memorable phrase from all of its pages. The work does not really rely on language but rather on the situations language describes and on the relentlessness with which Farrell hunts Studs down for us. So many of the terms critics love to use to praise a work of fiction do not apply to *Studs*: it is neither "lyrical" nor "poetic"; it lacks the broad canvas of Stendhal or Balzac; and few great novels have been less "uplifting." Its power is that it grinds its readers down, insisting on the validity of these lives in their time and place. And it does this more successfully than many other novels labeled its superior. I was not to reread *Studs* until twenty years after I first read it, when a graduate student of mine elected to do a thesis on Farrell. But even before I picked it up again, there was so much I could instantly call to my mind's eye, as if I had read it only a week earlier: Studs's graduation from grammar school; the football game in which Studs and his cohorts get Jewboy Schwartz; the groping proposal to Catherine that is one of the many rich scenes in *Judgment Day*. And always, the steady refrain toward which every note marches, the threat of death, of time as ending, hanging over those for whom the world of the poolroom hero is world enough.

Farrell's achievement did not end with *Studs*. In fact, it could be argued that the trilogy hurt him as much as it helped him. *Young Lonigan* was started in the late 1920s and was published in 1932. Since that time, forty-nine volumes of Farrell's work have been published—novels, collections of stories, criticism, poetry. His twenty-fourth novel, *The Dunne Family*,* brings to fifty the number of his published books. In a country that seems to consume its best writers, Farrell's productivity reflects the kind of dedication to the writer's task that is as unusual as it is praiseworthy. It can even be called awesome. America has produced so many one-book writers who then retreat into alcohol or silence or Hollywood. I do not mean to suggest that their achievements are not noteworthy. I am immensely grateful for Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* and Tom Kromer's *Waiting for Nothing*. What remains so disheartening about Farrell's situation is that his critical reputation has suffered almost in direct proportion to the number of books he has written. Had he simply stopped writing after *Studs*, his current academic reputation

*The Dunne Family. *By James T. Farrell. Doubleday & Co. 326 pp. $8.95.*

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would probably be as great as Agee's or Kate Chopin's. Instead, all too often he is dismissed by people who have stopped reading him or who never read him to begin with. More often, he is labeled a "realist" or else a "naturalist," is spoken of respectfully, and is then dismissed, having been held up for categorization. Farrell, we are told by his critics, does not speak to the young—a point which is, at best, of dubious validity and which, even if it were true, suggests far more about the young and their teachers than it does about the work of James T. Farrell.

Like all writers who have written a great deal, Farrell's weaknesses are amply illustrated. And his weaknesses should be recognized, particularly by critics who number themselves among those Leslie Fiedler once called his "few surly defenders." Farrell is certainly not a stylist of distinction. The slang of *Young Lonigan* was already dated when the book first appeared. The same slang appears in *The Dunne Family* and it is still dead to the touch, even for someone who recognizes that its purpose is to establish the truth of the time about which Farrell is writing: "cripes" and "my eye" and "rats" are undoubtedly verifiable as the language of a time and group, but it is also a slang which appeals, as J.D. Salinger once remarked of psychoanalysis, to "the peership of tin ears." No matter how historically accurate, the language is not justified in the fiction. It serves to make it somehow more parochial than it actually is. This has always been Farrell's major weakness as a writer. People *do* speak the way Farrell's characters speak, whereas they don't speak the way Hemingway's characters speak; but where Hemingway creates the illusion of reality, Farrell's dialogue is too often strained. Language does not seem its own necessity, the felt experience of the world made word. Metaphor does not grapple with what is happening in the fiction. His realism is often too photographic. And there are moments when one suspects his world was frozen in the 1930s and that he has cut himself off from a good deal of what is happening in contemporary American life.

Why, then, is he so important a figure? Why is he one of the few living American writers whom one can speak of without embarrassment as *major*? And why do so many of his fellow writers, as different from one another as Mailer and Vonnegut, consider him one of the most important writers alive today? The answers to these questions tell us a great deal, not only about Farrell and his achievement but about the health of a culture in which literary reputations often have little to do with what individuals have written. One hears nominally intelligent men and women discuss literature in much the same manner as, say, a magazine such as *Vogue* discusses fashion. American society is probably no more meretricious than other societies that have come before it. But it is a society in which cultural reputations are manufactured rather than earned. For one thing, a writer, like an actor, must be able to provide "copy," if not in his work then in his life. It is a culture in which youth must be served. And youth is served by books about touching and feeling and growing organic vegetables rather than by the drabness of a Chicago in which time is framed as villain, in which lives are picked apart with meticulous detail. And so we get more books about touching and feeling. Only not from Farrell. Studs Lonigan dreams away his life with fantasies as awkward as they are pedestrian. The world of Fifty-eighth Street and Prairie Avenue is dingy, bounded by the everyday, the commonplace; the world inhabited by the Dunne family is equally dingy and mundane.

At times, Farrell can be brutal. But his brutality is not contemporary. A city novelist as knowing as any this country has spawned, Farrell avoids exactly those aspects of urban life which are so brutal that the novelist's job is done for him simply by his setting down what there is. The terror of Farrell's Chicago is the terror of aimlessness and drift; violence, when it occurs, is distinctly recognizable, on a small scale. It is Studs beating up Weary Reilley or Red Kelly. Even the scene in which Studs and his team pile on Jewboy Schwartz is not really violent, not, at least, by today's standards. They build up the violence in themselves, make of it something far greater than what it was. What frightens the reader is their vain bragging afterward, their collective fear about the inadequacy of their own quests for manhood. Violence resides in the paucity of their experience, both individually and collectively. They are members of an aspiring middle class, the grandsons and sons of immigrants busy Americanizing themselves through process, through the manifold opportunities they have been told are theirs for the taking in America. So many of the old restrictions, the communities that their parents and grandparents were still part of, have broken down or are in the process of breaking down. In creating Studs, Farrell probed not only the neighborhood out of which Studs and his friends emerge but the ideas of manhood that they carry with them and that stain their lives. It is easy enough to mock the poolroom hero, until, at least, one faces the dead weight of his fantasies. Manhood is the promised reward. And it is the idea of becoming a man that is behind every movement Studs makes in *Young Lonigan*. But as he moves toward manhood, the idea itself recedes. The reality of the Lucy he loves at 15 is the dumpy Catherine he is about to marry at 30 when he dies.

No one has written better of what motivates young men in the city than has Farrell. And it is another of his virtues as a writer that has come to haunt him. He insists that he does not want to be known as a "midwestern facsimile of the Lower East Side of New York," a writer about "slums." He points to how he deliberately made Studs the son of a relatively successful painting contractor and builder who is highly optimistic until his business is destroyed, as his oldest son lies dying, during the depression. And yet, he protests too much. Farrell served as a model for so many of the writers of the 1930s and 1940s, as well as to far more than will admit his influence today, not because he wrote about "slums" but because he had the courage and the vision and the talent to permit his characters to live within the confines of their neighborhood worlds, their city streets. Self-conscious, usually inarticulate, they accept the challenge of becoming men, American men, because they can find no place to hide from that challenge. With all of its faults—and it has a goodly number—*Studs Lonigan* is one of the very few American literary works that manage to depict a commonplace life as a tragedy because *it is commonplace*. It reminds me of Benjamin Britten's magnificent opera, *Peter Grimes*; Peter's plebeian dignity is, strangely enough, what Studs would create for himself, if only he could.

The objections usually voiced about Farrell are so much less substantial than the man's achievement. How many other writers have been able to take people on their own terms? He creates individual men and women, unable to frame the world so that it will be receptive to *their* aspirations. The situations in which they find themselves inherently possess that sense of "quiet desperation" that Thoreau and Henry James noted in American life. They do not wish to be rebels; they value "respectability" too much and they willingly conform to a Protestant work ethic that has given them better lives than their forefathers in Ireland knew. Or even dreamed of. Why, then, they wonder, has time made them less than what they had envisioned? As they make their ways up the ladder,

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the rungs seem to increase in number; their very virtues mock them. And they are frozen to their failures. Studs, as he nears his futile death, still wants only to be "tough," to be a man in America. He mocks himself, parodies his origins and ambitions, as he makes "the act of lighting a cigarette into a gesture of defiance." In *The Dunne Family*, the quest is still for "respectability." The novel is not melodramatic, and it is certainly not particularly ironic, as was much of *Studs*. But it is filled with scenes characteristic of a Farrell milieu. The middle-aged Dunne children count the number of visitors to their dead mother's wake as a reflection of their status. Their aspirations are petty, their fears overwhelming, their pride mere self-puffery. Strangely enough, however, the reader feels sympathy for these middle-aged victims, these American failures. They are what they are, and there is no blame to be attached. They are simply urban remnants.

Like Balzac and Dreiser, Farrell has written remarkably well of the task of the modern city in creating those whom it must ultimately destroy. He is overwhelmingly a city writer, both because his own experience has been of the city and because the city is a natural testing ground for modern man. Norman Mailer once remarked how Farrell possessed from the start what other writers struggled to establish: Farrell was "a perfect example of someone who started with a sense of identity." An urban identity, Mailer might have added. The manhood questing of characters as dissimilar to one another as Studs and Eddie Ryan was bound to take place in Chicago and New York. And Farrell's city landscapes are tightly structured. Compare, for example, the use to which he puts Chicago with the use Meyer Levin makes of it in *The Old Bunch* (another writer who has not received the kind of critical attention his work merits). There are certain striking similarities between Farrell's Irish and Levin's Jews, and *The Old Bunch* was published in 1937, two years after Farrell had completed *Studs Lonigan*. In *Studs*, Chicago is a presence, almost a physical presence, the way a major character is; in Levin's novel, it is simply the place where most of the action occurs. Chicago is the frame in which Studs's manhood exists, and it is difficult to conceive of Studs as Studs in any other place. The city is woven into the text, just as it has been woven into the lives of the characters. And yet, in a book called *The City as Metaphor*, we are told that Farrell has not been included in the discussion of the relationship of the writer to the city because he fails to "advance our awareness of 'the city.'" This is the kind of critical nonsense from which Farrell's reputation has suffered for years. It denies reality for the sake of category and fashion. In an area in which he should be acknowledged as one of our fictional masters, writing about the city, Farrell has been hurt by his insistence on maintaining a human scale. He writes, after all, about that much despised lower-middle-class, people who possess neither the freedom or glamour that wealth brings, nor do they generate the surreptitious fears that the lives of the *Lumpen* inspire in middle-class readers.

Farrell is a stubborn writer. Merely to read his latest novel is to be reminded once again of the price he has paid for his art. The characters in this book commit what must be the single unforgivable sin left in America: they lead drab lives. They lack style, they lack power, and they lack courage. They sense that they have been defeated, but they are not sufficiently aware of the causes of their defeat. Inevitably, they blame others, conceive of the world as plot. How little Farrell is willing to allow for the passage of time. It is the integrity of his vision, his ability to capture what was there, that he demands the reader acknowledge. *The Dunne Family* is an old-fashioned novel, as, for all its headlines and popular songs, the *Studs* trilogy was. The Dunnes are like the vast majority of mankind; they promise they will be better, do better, only to shrivel up into their fear and bitterness and guilt.

ORDINANCE ON MIRACLES

Nobody loves a miracle more than we do.

This life falls so short
of your expectations;
it is so filled with frustration,
hopelessness, even despair.
More people than ever before
are talking to themselves
in public places.

Therefore we accept miracles
as an adjunct to your spiritual well-being.
We consider miracles necessary
in order to fill certain vacuums.

If a miracle happens to you
don't try to keep it private;
telephone your friends
even though some of them may be scoffers.
You yourself know best
the seemingly impossible change in your life,
as if it had been suddenly sweetened.
The scoffers will advise you
to be wary of everything, to be skeptical.
We advise this too, but we don't insist.
We want to help you all we can
to enjoy life to its fullest.

We understand your life is bleak,
that it drones on.
The dismal humming you hear
is the sound it usually makes.
A miracle can step up the gear,
change the sound to something else.
We know this.

Enjoy your miracle
however long it lasts,
however momentary. Remember,
when it is over
your life slows down considerably
and sometimes grinds to a halt.

Naomi Lazard

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> Once, all three of them, Dick, Larry, and Jenny, had had many ambitions, including social ambitions. And judged by these ambitions, the lives of all three were marked with failures. All three carried with them, in their memories, and in their lost memories, many defeated hopes, many desires and wishes about things that they had wanted to do but had never done. Their sense of how others lived had been affected and they tended to exaggerate what they thought others felt about pleasures and good times. Thus, they gave more meaning to the Saturday night atmosphere at Sixty-seventh Street and Stony Island Avenue. They saw these passing people as free to be at ease, and able to have a good time if they wanted to have one. And the Dunnes, returning from the funeral parlor, where their mother was lying dead, felt so differently from the way these people on the street must be feeling. There was not only sorrow, but the feeling of having missed something, and of having missed many Saturday nights.

This passage from Farrell's latest novel is as representative of his fictional method and conception of character as anything else I know of. And it is the kind of writing that, I want to suggest, offers the triumph of fiction over criticism. Dick, Larry, and Jenny Dunne are middle-aged, Irish, returning to their unfashionable middle-class apartment after their mother's wake in Duffy's Funeral Home. Grace Hogan Dunne had dominated their lives when she was alive, and she will continue to dominate their lives now that she is dead. They measure themselves as she has taught them to measure one another; they are rooted to those small formalities by which people try to believe that their lives stand for something. In short, they are that petit bourgeois which has so enraged artists and revolutionaries and the children of Scarsdale plastic surgeons down through the ages. Here we see them trying to understand what the death of their mother is going to mean to them, both as individuals and as a family. Each felt trapped by old Mrs. Dunne while she lived. But each has also grown dependent upon her to establish meaning and continuity in their lives, to make their own frightened selves more substantive. Now they can merely grope at the surrounding world; somehow, they have been cheated of the "imagined pleasures and good times," but they do not know how.

As writing, I suppose this is the kind of prose that Mark Schorer had in mind when he said of Farrell's work, "Really, the thing is dead." The paragraph is not particularly imaginative and it may not even be particularly vivid. I think it is excellent. The tone, the language, the hesitant rhythms (take a look at that first sentence), all embody the essence of what the Dunnes are as people. For they are frightened, normal, recognizably human, and Farrell is still insisting, as he was in the opening sentences of *Young Lonigan*, that their lives *matter*. And their lives are far closer to those of the mass of mankind than are the lives of the characters who inhabit most avant-garde fiction today.

I do not mean to use Farrell's realistic method as a weapon to attack other kinds of writing. To do that would be unfair. A healthy culture should have room in it for all kinds of literature, from the Surrealistic nightmares of John Hawkes to the abrasive realism of Hubert Selby. To insist on one over the other is to elevate taste into formalistic dogma, the kind of thing that seems to afflict literary cultures at exactly those moments in history when writers have begun to doubt the necessity of literature. There is no particular virtue in writing the way Farrell does. Realism is a mode he simply accepts as natural, and he probably cannot handle the kind of material he works with in any other way. (He has tried, but not, to my mind, with as much success.) What I want to suggest is that Farrell has made good use of what is still the primary literary tradition in the West. He is a remarkably skilled and imaginative writer and his prose reflects the themes he deals with.

Farrell came to literature far more widely read in modern social theory, particularly in Marx and Marxism, than the majority of his critics, including those who believe they are attacking him from the Left. Despite his reading, however, his Marxism was always pragmatic. Even before he became a Trotskyite in the mid-1930s, he probably would have nodded in agreement with Trotsky's suggestion that Marxism meant "more milk." He understands that man keeps his humanity alive in seemingly small ways. And in this, he is another of the significant literary figures of the 20th century who have been forced by history to acknowledge that since ideology, *any* ideology, is the enemy of truth, it is inevitably also the enemy of art. Almost all of these writers have come from the Left, since it is only the Left that conceives of man in terms of his possibilities. Farrell's fiction can be seen as part of the major literary struggle of our century, what the brilliant Austrian Marxist, Ernst Fischer, defined as "the struggle of the *practice and recognition of truth* against the domination of ideology." The loss of individual identity has reduced the human both in scope and possibility. The way in which Farrell has fought against this reduction of the human can be seen in the very fiction that has been dismissed as "naturalistic." For most of mankind, identity must be earned; for the writer, it is the manner in which his art, his culture, and he himself merge. And because he knew who James T. Farrell was, the writer was able to create Studs and Danny O'Neill and now Eddie Ryan as reflections of the human predicament. The truth to which he gave voice in *Young Lonigan* can still be seen in *The Dunne Family*. Behind the desperation with which the Dunnes live out their lives, behind their fear and hunger for something better, something more, there exists a sense of possibility. Farrell may be a pessimist, as his critics have charged. But if he is, he is a pessimist who still believes that man is capable of creating himself anew. There are, after all, Bernard Carr and Danny O'Neill and Farrell's most recent persona, Eddie Ryan, a young Chicago writer who leaves the provincialism of his surroundings to quest with the world. Eddie is the subject of a new group of novels. And if he is truly modeled on Farrell himself, he should ultimately stand before us as a writer who believes in the richness of the human, who can still write of courage and conviction and testing the individual self as one struggles against circumstance or fate or simply having been born into the world of the lower middle class. Such a writer is bound to give critics trouble. And not merely because of his style.

The case of James T. Farrell remains peculiar. At a recent dinner in Farrell's honor, Kurt Vonnegut wryly suggested that Farrell's greatest failure lay in his not having been born in Bolivia or France or Germany; had he been smart enough to be born elsewhere, he would, by now, have received the recognition he merits, even in America. Humor aside, Farrell deserves better of his own country. Imagine what the French or Germans would have done for one of their writers who had created so significant a body of work over the course of almost a half century. Apparently, we Americans do things differently. We condemn our writers for the very qualities we should praise in them—the refusal to qualify the necessity of the real in the name of fashionability. Of course, we do this only after we ourselves have learned to misuse language. I suppose one can derive some hope from that. After all, there will probably always be young people who can read and who will pick up a copy of *Studs Lonigan* to discover, as I did, that their lives, too, are the stuff out of which truth as well as fiction are made. □

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

"It is difficult to write about one's work," Marguerite Duras has said, and she adds further: "It is strange how a text can conceal certain values which we ourselves ignore." In this, she is certainly right about her play *Days in the Trees* (Circle in the Square Theatre). I see something in the play which is unrelated to the author's stated intentions in writing it.

Her mother lived for many years in Indochina, where she taught French and arithmetic to the native children. She also had children of her own. Mme. Duras was born there—and one of the children, the son, was her mother's favorite and we presume much spoiled by her. In *Days in the Trees*, the Mother, long resident in a "French colony," comes to Paris after a prolonged absence to visit her son before she dies. She is not a schoolteacher but the owner of a now-nationalized factory which had been extremely successful. She is very rich and she hopes her son will take over the running of the factory, which privileged employment will otherwise fall into the hands of a daughter whom she dislikes, and who as the Mayor's mistress is in collusion with him.

The Son—who never wanted to go to school, spending his days in the trees, idly dreaming—is now a "host" at an expensive night club. He lives with a girl who works in the same *boîte*, dancing with and otherwise entertaining the gentlemen guests. What income the Son has apart from his job comes from his inveterate gambling. He has no desire to take over at the factory and while his mother appears heartbroken by his refusal, she also cherishes him for it, for she too thinks the factory, indeed all big business, a despicable traffic.

Marguerite Duras, commenting on her play, speaks of the love between mother and son and about the mutual tenderness of the 77-year-old woman and the son's mistress, a foundling, who describes herself as "a little whore." The mother's gentleness toward the young woman is based on their common feeling for their "boy," now nearly 50. All these "loves" are duly touched on and weave a film of melancholy throughout. But there is a less sentimental sadness present which has its source in a toughness of vision that is peculiarly French.

We are in the Paris of the 1960s and the play reflects the general mood of the time. Most of the rich are growing rotten at the root, they are exhausting themselves in the effort to hold on; only the most greedy and corrupt persist in doing so. The daughter, whom we never see, is one of that species. The cultivated, frequently wealthy French deplore the weakness of their offspring, who are contemptuous of most bourgeois privileges and values. Yet the elders admire the juniors for their rebellion and the "poetry" of their nihilism. The Mother in the play shares some traits of the affluent "upper classes": a brutally voracious appetite and the desire to save some of her treasured wealth through her son, although she herself regards her gold with something like loathing.

The Son, in turn, wants to persevere in the freedom of sloth sustained by a pained attachment to his mother, whom he also scorns, and a remainder of sensuality in relation to his girl friend whom he wants to get rid of though she offers him solace. There is too the excitement of his vice, gambling. Ill-will and much gnawing regret permeate the atmosphere.

Despite the ache involved, the play must not be rendered pathetic in production; the surface tone of asperity and morose wit should be preserved. No one gushes or swoons with feeling here. Indeed there is harshness and cruelty in most of the characters' attitudes and speech, despite or because of the love. Madeleine Renaud in the original French production (seen here briefly last season) sounded the precisely proper pitch. She had nothing of the "lady" about her; the scene of her eating possessed a peasant coarseness and was consequently very funny. And an equally peasant-like meanness about money was unmistakably evident.

At the Circle in the Square the play is softened to the point of soppiness—like a feeble Chekhov performance. Mildred Dunnock, excellent as the muted victim of provincial insensibility in Duras's *A Place without Doors*, plays the Mother with an unwarranted lady-like pathos. Joseph Maher does not look the quasi-gigolo which the fadingly handsome Son is, and lacks the salt in the crust of the character. And—but why continue; the production is misconceived.

Shaw's *The Philanderer* is the best production by the Roundabout Theatre (333 W. 23rd St.) that I have seen. Shaw wrote the piece in 1893 when he was 37—which means, in view of his career as a dramatist and his longevity, when he was a very young man. But the youthfulness of a Shaw is no ordinary thing. The play sparkles with verbal energy and a sprightly sense of fun which make the play for all its silli-

"It's high time for a Saroyan revival....A master ...writing right up near the top of his form."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"One of his best."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

"Saroyan as a young writer finding fame and first enjoying its fruits (Hollywood parties, Garbo, Chaplin, dear Lillian Gish, Mencken, true friend George Jean Nathan, Louis B. Mayer, 'mother' of his title) . . . Saroyan a 'friend of fools' on boozy nights; Saroyan with a heartbreaking tart in a San Francisco hotel—and visiting Diego Rivera, visiting Sibelius, penning homage to Marc Chagall . . . **It's vintage Saroyan . . . engagingly frank.**"
—*Publishers Weekly*

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AT MIDNIGHT

The world is gone, the
lock locked,
we lie as if asleep.
Far from my ear I
hear your heart;
it beats like a bell.
Downstairs a bunch of plums
drips blood into a bowl,
and the clock ticks.
Listen—
the minutes increase,
there are screams
outside;
love me.

(Now while we touch before the
blood, the bowl, the bell,
the clock, the lock,
let owls sing for us
and let them sing also
at the hour of our death.)

Jane Hayman

ness almost constantly pleasing.

It is a sort of puppet show with an absurd little situation and absurd characters manipulated by a charlatan endowed with a lively mind and an essentially good nature. It is not Shaw at his best (*The Philanderer* was his second play) and because of its immaturity is very rarely performed but, to repeat, the immaturity of such a personality is not to be dismissed by any callow Broadway "sophistication."

It is a semi-autobiographical play. Its central character, Charteris, is a forerunner of that other Shavian persona, John Tanner of *Man and Superman*. Here we see the early Shaw parading and toying with all his pet preoccupations: Ibsenism, anti-militarism, disgust with hunting for sport, the follies of the medical profession, vegetarianism, the "new woman," male obtuseness and rationalization of his protracted celibacy. His people are real only to the extent that they are animated by their bright, life-loving creator. And it is nice to know that for all our progress the issues of 1893, even when they are presented as japes, can readily be translated into the still unsettled concerns of 1976.

With limited resources, Eldon Elder has designed pleasing settings and Christina Giannini the proper clothes. Stephen Hollis's direction is almost on target. Donald Madden as Charteris hasn't quite the quizzically crisp jocosity of the Shavian style, but he is intelligent and speaks well. George Ede is likable as an old codger of a British colonel and the other men are also on the mark, though Jack Bittner as a foolish physician overdoes the clowning a bit. The best of the cast are its three women: Cara Duff-MacCormick as the "womanly woman," Marion Lines as the "new" one and Pamela Brook as the youngest archetype of the breed.

The Houston Opera Company's production of George and Ira Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* has been touring the country triumphantly; it is now at the Uris Theatre for what will surely prove an extended run.

The piece, as we all recognize, is a classic of our musical theatre. When I wrote about it here in 1953 I said of its score: "It is as if a skillful popular composer were trying to reach some area of feeling beyond the clatter and glitter of Broadway's surface, an area purer, richer, more tender than what others were satisfied with. . . . With the aid of the highly gifted lyrics of Ira Gershwin [it] should have a lasting appeal for all Americans." I still feel as I did then and I still prefer the love songs *Bess, You Is My Woman Now* and *I Loves You, Porgy* to the gay and witty *It Ain't Necessarily So* or *A Woman Is a Sometime Thing*.

There are more "big" numbers in the new production than there were in previous ones, for the show has once again become the opera Gershwin intended it to be (it failed in its initial 1935 production). The present version is very "grand" indeed and in many respects superior in Jack O'Brien's staging and in the acting of the entire cast to most operas one can see elsewhere.

The vocal quality is exceptionally good. Clamma Dale sings beautifully, is slimly attractive, moves with gratifying flexibility and really acts. Wilma Shakesnider, as the woman whose husband has been killed by the villainous Crown, is blessed with a splendid voice. The choral ensemble, of which there is perhaps too much, so that at times it overpowers the libretto's story line, is also admirable. The men are mostly baritones and basses, which tends to produce a certain heaviness of tonal texture. The only noticeable tenor in the cast is Larry Marshall as Sportin' Life, whose dancelike agility is the most conspicuous aspect of his performance: the role requires more humor. I failed to understand as many of the words as I would if the opera had been sung in a foreign tongue.

I must also confess that I was not as emotionally stirred or as dramatically engaged as I expected to be. I am not sure why. Was it because the Uris Theatre lacks intimacy, or that the production is too "grand," or its musicality too weighty, or the display of the company's technical accomplishment out of proportion to the simple and touching folk tale which is *Porgy and Bess*?

Going Up is a revival by the Goodspeed Opera House of a 1917 musical comedy by Otto Harbach and Louis A. Hirsch (John Golden Theatre). It's about that day's infatuation with the wonder of aviation and aviators. It will hardly entertain the earnest and the hard-boiled, but still innocently receptive theatregoers like me may joyfully respond to such a dance number as *The Tickle Toe* with its fanciful gaucherie. They may also enjoy performances by Pat Lysinger, Maureen Brennan and Kimberly Farr, whose old-fashioned eccentricities and tongue-in-cheek cuteness are inexplicably delightful. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

A peculiarity to which I have confessed before is my inability to laugh at Woody Allen. His abrasive, wise-cracking brat seems to me a fictional creation of limited charm and his elaborate gag machines too ponderous for their inherent risibility. I have, you might say, been tone-deaf to the screen's most popular comedian.

Woody Allen in *The Front*, which Walter Bernstein wrote and Martin Ritt directed, is an entirely different matter. Not that the character is much changed; he is still the smart-aleck fraud, fast-talking his way through a pool full of alligators. But this time the man-eaters are not papier-mâché props for Allen's one-liners; twenty years ago these killers were real, and it is still by no means certain that they will not be back to haunt us. And this time Allen's begoggled jester, working in the context of a real catastrophe, seems a funny man even to me.

It must be well known by now what *The Front* is about. The time is the mid-1950s; McCarthyism is ravaging the entertainment world, blacklisting writers, actors, directors—anyone who in this atmosphere of politically inspired paranoia can be suspected of Communist taint. Self-appointed watchdogs of Americanism, for a fee, tell the craven film studios and broadcasting networks whom they may employ. Men and women abase themselves before these commissars, usually to no avail. Confession is not

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enough; they must dishonor themselves—in a word, they must destroy their friends—if they are to work. Some do, others do not; but, strong or weak, they are all victims of a reign of terror that is almost invisible to the public at large.

Howard Prince (Allen), a cashier in a neighborhood bar with a small sideline in bookmaking, is one of those who do not know, or care, what is going on. He has an old school friend, Alfred Miller (Michael Murphy), who drops in from time to time for a drink. Miller is a TV scriptwriter, very successful, but he has been blacklisted. He needs a name, that of a real person, under which to submit his work. One day he asks Prince for his. Sure, says the cashier/bookie, anything to help a friend. What's the big deal?

But it becomes a considerable deal. In the first place, Miller insists on giving the less than reluctant Prince a commission, and soon other banished writers are clinging to his name and paying him his 10 per cent. Suddenly, the street boy is rich, and he loves it. In the second place, a front for ghosts can't be himself a ghost. Prince has to show up at the TV studio, scripts in hand; he has to talk about his work, react to questions about his intentions, revise when necessary. And Prince, by his own admission, is functionally illiterate. Here Woody Allen's gift for inarticulate volubility comes to the rescue of the plot. He can talk a question into oblivion faster than any man alive. Even so, no one who has worked with writers would say that the situation is entirely plausible—except on the premise, historically correct, that in those days the hagridden producers and directors were starved for usable copy and were not about to demand a pedigree from a prolific writer of excellent material who was completely free of subversive opinions for the excellent reason that he had no opinions at all. The beautiful assistant producer (Andrea Marcovicci), who falls in love with the meteoric Prince because he is as modest about his talent as his talent is great, presents a stiffer challenge to credulity. So here one must add that we are dealing not only with a movie about popular entertainment but one that is itself popular entertainment. Boy meets girl is a staple of that genre, and we must simply accept that it takes her a long time to twig.

The Front is utterly devoid of ideology. It doesn't lecture about civil liberties, belabor the point that the Red scare was invented by evil men for base advantage, or declare in righteous anger that the true champions of the American way of life were those caught by the witch hunt. It deals in simple terms with attractive people who find themselves in a dreadful fix. One of these is Hecky Brown (Zero Mostel), a graduate of the borscht circuit now making it big on the air—until the inquisitors discover that he once marched on May Day, once signed a petition. Hecky is no hero; he is a fat comic. So he squirms and wrings his hat before his tormentors, offers to do anything, say anything, if only he can be let to work. In agony, he even agrees to spy on Prince, about whom the purity squad has its suspicions. Instead, he goes out a window—not because he believes in the Bill of Rights but because a good guy doesn't rat on a pal.

As for Prince, when the heat falls on him, his immediate reaction is that he has a nice little business going and they can't do this to him. Will he write a letter? Of course, he'll write a letter. He wouldn't know a Communist from a Zoroastrian, and is only too glad to say so. But the Senate committee wants more than that; it wants to see Prince, it wants him to cooperate, it wants names. His sophisticated writers warn him that this is no game; maybe he should "take the Fifth." What's the Fifth?, asks the Front. And why all the sweat? He'll go down, he'll talk, he'll think of something—doesn't he always think of something?

Well, no; not always. Does he know so-and-so?, the committee's lawyer asks. "Know," says Prince, "now just what does that mean? In the Biblical sense?" The committee had been told that the witness was friendly, and no one, surely, could be friendlier than Prince. But not in the McCarthy sense. Prince begins to lose patience. He wants to be cooperative, but they want him to admit that he knew Hecky Brown, and he won't do it because it is perfectly obvious that he knew Hecky Brown, and the guiding principle of his life is that no one pushes him around. Cornered, Prince makes a mistake: he tells the committee what it can do, and it tells him where he can go—to jail.

So off he goes, handcuffed, against a background of cheering admirers, embraced by three of TV's best writers, embraced by the prettiest girl who ever read a script, everyone yelling, "Prince, Prince!" It's the greatest finale since Harold Lloyd was a freshman.

Then the credits come up. Did you remember that Martin Ritt was blacklisted? And Walter Bernstein? and Zero Mostel? And all those others—name after name, with the date when the ax fell. Now they're back, working in show business, and that's another happy ending.

The Front is full of laughs, full of tears, keeps you cheering for the home team. It doesn't tell you how bigotry gets a hold on this country from time to time, but what it does, which more serious discussions never quite seem to do, is make you sense how it would feel to be played with by jackals. And, being entertainment, it ridicules evil. That, of course, is not the only way to fight it, but laughter is a useful tool in the cause of virtue. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Guggenheim Museum Collection: Paintings 1880-1945 has been published by the museum in two volumes ($85). It is by Angelica Zander Rudenstine who has produced a work of exemplary scholarship, precise in its information and exhaustive in its scope. The director of the museum writes that these volumes "constitute no more than a beginning towards a comprehensive treatment of all the accumulations" but this is not really so. The period and the medium dealt with in this catalogue is the area of maximum strength, which rests fundamentally on the art acquired by Hilla Rebay for Solomon R. Guggenheim. Except for the Brancusi sculpture and a group of Klee drawings the core of the collection is discussed in these two commanding books.

In the introduction, preserving the modest third-person demeanor of the obsessive scholar, Rudenstine states: "This catalogue is intended primarily as a re-

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KLALLAM SONG

What creature lights the deep pools of your eyes,
Within the circle of your dreaming,
O woman who sleeps in my heart?
Because I am poor, a maker of song,
I fly slowly round the luminous branches
Of your moontree, offer you this fire,
O woman who sleeps in my heart.

Duane Niatum

source for scholars and students of 19th- and 20th-century art." She has achieved her aim in a form that cannot be bettered. She gives the factual history of each work, expanding her examination when it is necessary to clarify different versions of, say, Delaunay's Eiffel Tower pictures, or to present iconographical problems, such as the relation of Klee's horizontal band paintings and his visit to Egypt. Rudenstine's rational and scrupulous inquiry, the result of a process of endless verification and cross-checking, is a model of cataloguing. She gives a firm definition to the permanent collection of the Guggenheim and the fact that she aims at a specialized audience does nothing to lessen the significance of her work. On the contrary the maintenance of internal or house standards of scholarship is an important museum function.

The Guggenheim catalogue is one aspect of the rediscovery by museums of their permanent collections. In place of the memorable parade of temporary exhibitions that animated the world's museums in the 1950s and 1960s, American museums are concentrating on what they have. Questions about the function of permanent collections naturally occur at the end of the summer which is the traditional time for their display. Spokesmen for the institutions emphasize now that they do not consider it their business to mirror the contingencies of current art. William Rubin of the Museum of Modern Art elaborated recently in *Artforum* on this conservative aspect of museum policy.

The working assumption of museums of modern art is that the permanent collection is a body of classics that both artists and the interested public should consult. The set arrangement of the collection at the Modern in New York or the recurrent displays of the collection at the Guggenheim rest on the idea of artist-heroes, giants in their time, whose relevance is undimmed in our own day. Basic here is the idea of the masterpiece, which can be defined as a summarizing work that embodies enduring aesthetic standards. I can see that this service was legitimate in the 19th century when a single mainline of high art, derived from classicism ultimately, had a firm consensual base. For artists to touch base with Raphael, the Carrachi, or Poussin was some kind of necessity. Does mandatory consultation exist in a multi-style period like our own?

Certainly museums are interested parties in keeping up the reputations of, say, Picasso, Miró, Ernst, Klee, Kandinsky, and Pollock. If these artists epitomize essential aspects of the culture, we have powerful reasons to pay to visit the museums in which they can be consulted. Against museum claims of timeless status for their holdings, however, we must set the problem of the aging permanent collection. Collections, even of "masterpieces," represent the taste of specific sectors of society at particular historical moments. Both the Modern and the Guggenheim, New York's major collections of modern art, were formed in the 1930s or based on ideas of that time and both have dated accordingly.

In the 1960s there was a great deal of style change, but Hard-Edge, Pop art, and Op art did not fundamentally call in doubt the received outline of modern art. Roy Lichtenstein used to be complimented on the anti-Cubist space of his single-object paintings, but now there is a generation of painters who don't think of Cubism at all, not even to reject it. How long will Picasso's and Braque's paintings of 1910-12, which I for one love, hold their magic when artists no longer regard them as talismanic? Picasso's Analytical Cubism cannot be strained to fit realist painting the way it was strained to accommodate Pollock's all-over drip paintings. This shows, according to one's position, either the irrelevance of Cubism or the *retardataire* space of realism. New generations of artists make up their own minds about the artists of the past who interest them. I can see a situation in which realists, women artists, black artists, performance artists and Earthworkers would feel no strong personal inducement to visit museums that function as study centers for remote worthies.

Acquisitions are characterized by the taste of the period in which they are desirable property for donors to give and for museums to accept. Museum staffs and trustees can be expected to solicit and take only those works that are already securely esteemed. The Modern and the Guggenheim, and all those museums in the United States that take their cues from them as to what the mainline is, have a definite bias. They tend to be, in varying degrees, pro-formalist, pro-classical and pro-abstract. As a result there is no museum in the United States where you can see a critical selection of between-the-wars Neo-Classicism, European representational art, or American-scene painting to match the holdings of European and American Cubism and abstraction.

De-accessioning is unacceptable but retention has its problems too. Permanent collections, as they become ever better known to ever more numerous generations, are becoming repetitious. Lists of masterpieces will take on a new meaning as they acquire the status of cliché. This is not a wild scenario but a developing condition recognized by anybody who knows the interests of younger artists, or who teaches. Thus the sequence of Cézanne to Cubism to abstract art assumed at the Modern or the Eastern European accent placed on abstract art at the Guggenheim may be on the brink of irrelevance. If this occurs museums instead of being instruments of cultural unity will become one more divisive factor, a chain of enclaves commemorating past phases of taste. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

In what passes for the reporting of musical events these days, the concomitant degradation of descriptive accuracy and linguistic precision has spawned its own little vocabulary of code words that, like "law and order" in the political arena, mean something other than they seem to say and eventually acquire an implicit valuative connotation. An instructive dissertation on one such—"post-Webern serialism"—was offered in these pages by Benjamin Boretz as far back as February 26, 1968, but it and its various near relatives are still with us. (One might also note the distortion of history that goes along with the distortion of words; recently, *The New York Times* has been telling us that Mahler was long kept out of the concert halls by the serialists and neo-classicists—as if these people had any significant access to per-

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formances during that period! As I recall, it was Schoenberg the serialist who had to defend Mahler against the attacks of Olin Downes the neo-romanticist, not the other way round.)

Another staple of this "critical" vocabulary is "neo-Bayreuth," apparently intended to indicate the nonrealistic style of staging Wagner's operas introduced at Bayreuth after 1950 by the late Wieland Wagner. It's an incorrect coinage to begin with, since, far from being "a new or modern form of some . . . practice" (OED) earlier associated with Bayreuth, Wieland's work was an outright rejection of all previous practice there. Be that as it may, in current journalistic usage this sloppy vulgarism seems to embrace almost any operatic staging that abjures pictorial literalism: e.g., Giorgio Strehler's production of *Macbeth* for La Scala, which in its painterly emphasis on the striking tableau was about as far from Wieland's tonal uniformity and precise character analysis as from a George Abbott farce.

And again, the facts of history take a beating: that many nonnaturalistic modes of staging have extensive roots prior to 1950—primarily in the spoken theatre, of course, but some also in operatic practice, notably in Germany of the 1920s—is pretty consistently overlooked. So, too, are the origins of one recent style that isn't subsumed under the "neo-Bayreuth" rubric: the use of projected scenery and film on multiple screens, as in Frank Corsaro's City Opera staging of Janácek's *The Makropoulos Affair*, which derives from Joseph Svoboda's work, first in Prague's "Laterna Magika" and later on various European operatic stages.

From here we might proceed to consideration of that noxious formulation "multimedia," but let's not. Rather, I am interested in another code word—this one used in an approbatory way: "ensemble opera," generally in a phrase along the lines of "that splendid ensemble opera company, the New York City Opera." In the past, the term has referred to such operations as the Vienna Court Opera in Mahler's time, the Berlin Kroll Opera in the 1920s under Klemperer and the contemporaneous Dresden State Opera under Fritz Busch and, more recently, Walter Felsenstein's Komische Oper in East Berlin. The hallmarks of such ensembles include a relatively small roster of resident singers, a limited repertory of operas current at any given moment, and extensive rehearsal of casts that remain stable through the run of a production—rehearsal that concerns itself with establishing not only musical accuracy ("keeping together"), but also consistency of musical and theatrical style.

The quality of the results depended, naturally, on the quality of the talent available. By all accounts, Felsenstein's singers were vocally indifferent, whatever their qualifications as actors—but nobody doubted that what went on at a Komische Oper performance was exactly what was intended to happen. It's not a foolproof way to achieve good operatic performances, nor the only way—but it is, historically, what is meant by "ensemble opera."

The New York City Opera, whatever its merits, simply doesn't operate along such lines. This fall, in eleven weeks, it is offering almost as many operas as the Met (generally cited as the antithesis of "ensemble opera") will present in twenty-seven weeks. Its casts are not stable (at each of the first two repetitions of *Carmen* this fall, two of the principal singers were scheduled to be changed). Consistency of musical and theatrical style—never mind accuracy—are conspicuously absent—even in new productions, which one presumes to be more extensively rehearsed than are routine revivals. Some—perhaps even all—of these things may have been different in the years when the company performed at 55th Street (I didn't live in New York then, and attended only infrequently), but by now the only attribute the City Opera shares with the "ensemble opera" tradition is the absence of "stars"—save when Beverly Sills appears, more or less *als Gast*, in a couple of specially tailored works.

What is being sheltered under that term of approval is in fact a routine second-rank repertory company that on occasion achieves stimulating results—and for ticket prices about one-half those of the Met. Much of the stimulation has come from the repertory, particularly by comparison with the stagnant later Bing years at the Met, although the competition from that quarter is now a good deal keener. Some interesting aspects of the 20th-century literature have been explored—*The Makropoulos Affair*, Prokofiev's *Love for Three Oranges* and *Angel of Fire*, Shostakovich's *Katerina Ismailova*, Strauss's *Silent Woman* and *Capriccio*, works of Britten and Poulenc, for example. Much of this was worth doing, even if it was not always done well, but little of it survives in the current repertory—and the more difficult chal-

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lenge of central works by Busoni, Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Berg, Hindemith, Weill and Dallapiccola has been largely side-stepped.

Inadequate performances have probably been more damaging to American operas than to their European counterparts, which have achieved performances (and even recordings) elsewhere that enable their reputations to survive, even increase; in this area, too, the company's reluctance to commission or present operas by our more "difficult" composers certainly limited the scope, impact and success of its once reasonably extensive cultivation of this field. Similarly, the company's *bel canto* excursions have suffered from the fact that hardly anyone else on the stage has been so adept a practitioner of the relevant vocal arts as Miss Sills.

This season, pursuing a fairly persistent interest in the cause of classical operetta, the City Opera has served up Offenbach's *La belle Hélène*, a work of considerable wit and charm—and served it very ill (September 21). Operetta isn't easy to transplant in time and place. English-language theatre offers two principal stylistic models: W.S. Gilbert and Cole Porter, so once you start rhyming comic verse, the influence of these titans is hard to escape, their stylistic and humorous achievements hard to equal. To what extent the "English version [of *Hélène*] by Geoffrey Dunn, revised by Julius Rudel" succeeded in escaping or equaling, I cannot say, for an unconscionably low percentage of the words were decipherable, even in the spoken dialogue (not many singers, it would seem, have ever learned to project spoken words). James Billings played Menelaus in a recognizable Ziegfeld comic tradition, and well; in the circumstances, I am not minded to chide him for stylistic irrelevance. Some of the others evidently sought to emulate one or another cinematic or operatic model, but the prevalent air of the proceedings wavered between uncertainty at what was supposed to be funny and doubt as to whether it was—so of course it wasn't. Aided and abetted by Julius Rudel's excessively boisterous conducting, the resulting gabble effectively torpedoed Offenbach's little masterpiece. Director Jack Eddleman may have the benefit of the doubt as far as blame is concerned; it certainly looked as if he had gotten little further than telling people where to stand by the time the show opened.

A regular repertory showing of the best operettas and musical comedies is no bad idea, but few of these works can get by without certain skills not common in an ordinary opera company. If the City Opera is serious about pursuing this line, it had better identify a group of gifted performers who have a knack for this sort of thing, and develop a "wing" under the aegis of a knowledgeable directorial hand. Light music is not automatically easier to bring off than "heavier" music—it's often harder.

Opera in English is surely one of the lines the City Opera ought to pursue, as I noted last year in connection with the production of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. A return visit (September 25) confirmed this impression, even though the translation in use is awkward and frequently grating. The orchestra now plays the score with considerable confidence and accuracy; that even the grandest moments are drawn on a small scale is, I think, more to be ascribed to Rudel's conducting, which abjures any broadness of musical gesture, than to any inherent limitations of the forces involved. A new Hans Sachs, Reid Bunger, distinguished himself for warmth of manner and clarity of diction, and Alan Baker's Beckmesser successfully avoided the extremes of caricature that Billings espoused last year in this part. (On the other hand, whoever is keeping the stage business up to snuff ought to know that 16th-century Nürnberg couples probably did not exchange "social pecks," after the manner of fashionable New Yorkers, on Sunday morning in church!)

During the same week, I also revisited *The Makropoulos Affair*, one of the company's most successful and interesting efforts (September 19). In the first act, the pieces of Janácek's orchestral mosaic did not fall into place very smoothly (unlike *Meistersinger*, this had not been played for several seasons), but conductor Imre Pallo had things better in hand thereafter, and the revival had been restaged by Corsaro himself. I don't know what will happen to this production when Maralin Niska can't sing it any more; happily, she still can, and hers is one of the more compelling operatic assumptions to be seen today. □

(As of this writing, performances at the City Opera have been suspended because of a labor dispute.)

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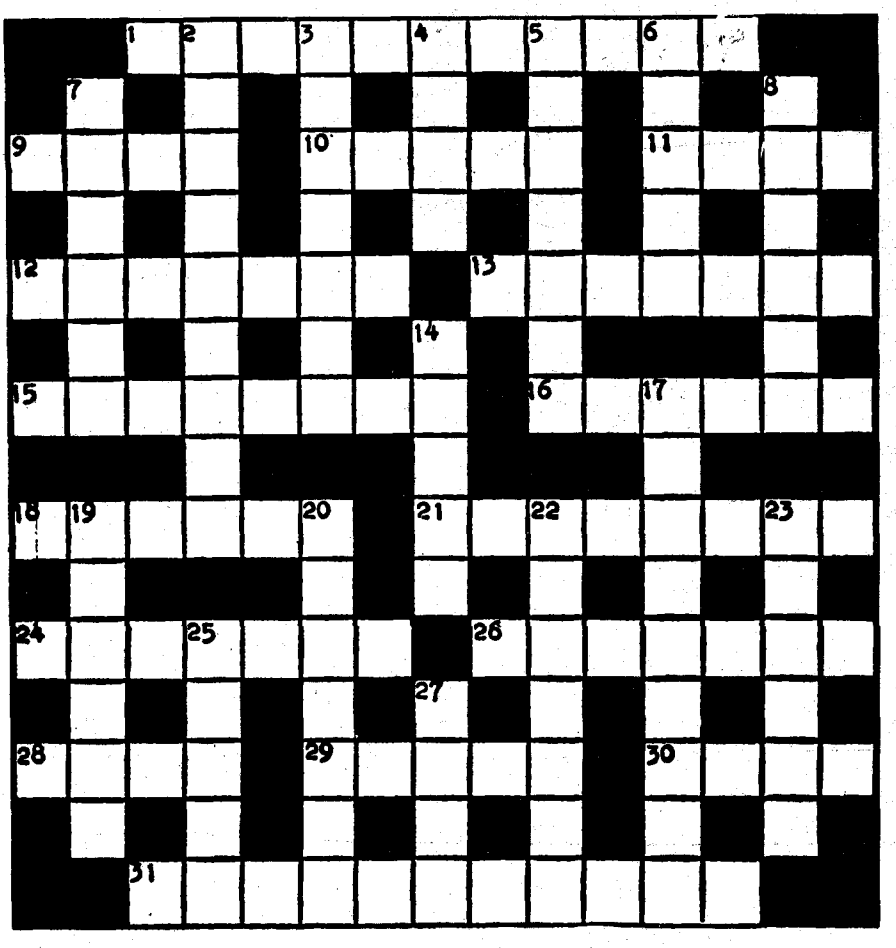
Crossword Puzzle No. 1650

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The card game brings the French up to the peak, but it's not a very big place. (7,4)
9 See 24 across
10 See 29 across
11 Take a step in the past. (4)
12 Are found in the place where they make money, such as a turret. (7)
13 Would you have to be one of them to catch yourself like an original woman in this? (7)
15 Evidently the circle allows old-fashioned girls to have them. (8)
16 Came down as the ruler did, by the sound of it. (6)
18 Go someplace and fix up! (6)
21 Why sound out of the syndicate mix-up when it's a long way off? (8)
24, 6 down and 9 across Just a story of London, unlike 29-10-23. (3,4,2,3,4)
26 Make a quick return this way. (7)
28 Certainly not a cat call! (4)
29, 10 across and 23 down Only partly a story of London. (1,4,2,3,6)
30 The wrong name for the last word. (4)
31 Lime, nominally, perhaps for Abel. (3, 5,3)

DOWN

2 When angry, he'd a different flower arrangement. (9)
3 In this, love needs to show one of the people. (7)
4 And others, as they might say, come up far from early. (4)
5 Whistler in front of this might make popular painting stifle. (7)
6 See 24 across
7 Island that doesn't offer much protection to the bather. (6)
8 It's a little firm at this place, so stick together. (6)
14 A team that can't possibly be in front. (5)
17 Possibly a lover of Romania, at some difficulty to make it. (9)
19 Is it merely a matter of principle that you should study? (6)
20 Trusting the priest will have to use bombastic language about him? (7)
22 A fixed allowance, or just a one-shot gratuity to dispatch around it? (7)
23 See 29 across
25 Is it a trick to snare fish? (5)
27 It might be difficult to hail when it's snowing. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1649

ACROSS: 1 Notes; 4 Bible belt; 9 Butternut; 10 and 2 Going to town; 11 Downgrade; 12 About; 13 Lion tamers; 17 Pocketbook; 21 Infer; 22 In arrears; 23 Glory; 24 Teddy bear; 25 Redolence; 26 Dusty. DOWN: 1 Nobody; 3 Sledge; 4 Benjamin Britten; 5 Between you and me; 6 Egg salad; 7 Episodes; 8 Tightest; 14 Springer; 15 Scaffold; 16 Betrayal; 18 Brayed; 19 Capers; 20 Astray.

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